Was His Last Sermon a Prophecy of his Murder?

MIDNIGHT

A Macfadden Publication

October 21, 1922

10¢

Finding a New Yorker in New York

Elinor Glyn Analyzed

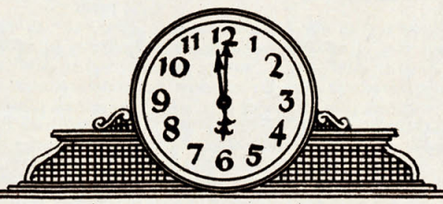
How Narrow is the Straight Path?

Broadway's New Spendthrift King

The Thrill Contest Ends!

OCTOBER 14th, at midnight, saw the end of one of the most interesting contests ever held by a magazine. Never would we have believed there were so many midnight adventures; never could we have believed there were so many readers who could write so alluringly about their adventures. The editors have simply been snowed under by the enormous and continuous response to our clarion call for Thrills. With all speed possible we are working our way through them, and in the course of another week we hope to be able to see the blue light of day once more. As originally announced, we will publish the names of the prize winners in the issue of November 11th, 1922.

While on the subject, permit us to thank the readers of MIDNIGHT for their hearty and unanimous interest in this unique contest.



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Cover, posed by Evelyn Law.

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Next Week

Suppose you were a rich young man, bored to death with society, teas, bridge, the opera and all the other prerequisites of the idle rich. Suppose that, in Greenwich Village, the Latin Quarter of America, you found what you wanted—real life, color, art, beauty—and love!

"The Villains of the Village"

in next week's MIDNIGHT, tells you all about it

Next Week

"Nothin' To It"
by
Magda Morena

"My Midnight Hour with Gilda Gray"
by
Regina Cannon

"The Staircase of Death"
by
Svengali

In addition to all the other enchanting, enthralling, gripping MIDNIGHT features

Don't Miss It

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OCTOBER Twenty-First 1922

MIDNIGHT
113-119 W 40th Street, New York City

VOLUME 1
NUMBER 10

Over the Precipice

An Editorial by Bernarr Macfadden

SOME of Nature's most beautiful flowers grow on the edge of a precipice.

A little child, innocently wandering among the flowers, may lose her footing and be dashed to death on the rocks below.

Some of man's most hectic so-called pleasures take place on the edge of a precipice.

A man, not so innocently, perhaps, but none the less blindly, pursuing the will-o'-the-wisp of pleasure, may lose his footing and go down to a fate worse than death.

Fooling around the edge of a precipice is dangerous.

The dance becomes wilder and wilder; a cry, a shriek, a form disappears from view—gone!

But does this deter the pleasure-mad revelers? Do they say to themselves, "Which of us may be next to go?" Not always.

Now and again a man or woman, more far-seeing, more resolute than the others, turns back. But, for the most part, the dance continues until each dancer pays the penalty.

If you could look over the edge, the sight that would meet your eye would cause you to shudder and grow sick at heart.

Fair women, mere boys, strong men—thousands, impaled on the rocks below, victims of loose living and lust.

If you *must* dance on the edge of a precipice—watch your step. But, better still, unnoticed by your companions who will not miss you anyway, so bent are they on their own pleasures, leave the edge for fairer pastures.

A happy home, body pulsing with life and vigor, an honest business career, are far, far from the precipice's edge.

And remember—once over there is no turning back. When you fall, you continue falling until you hit the bottom.

Bernarr Macfadden

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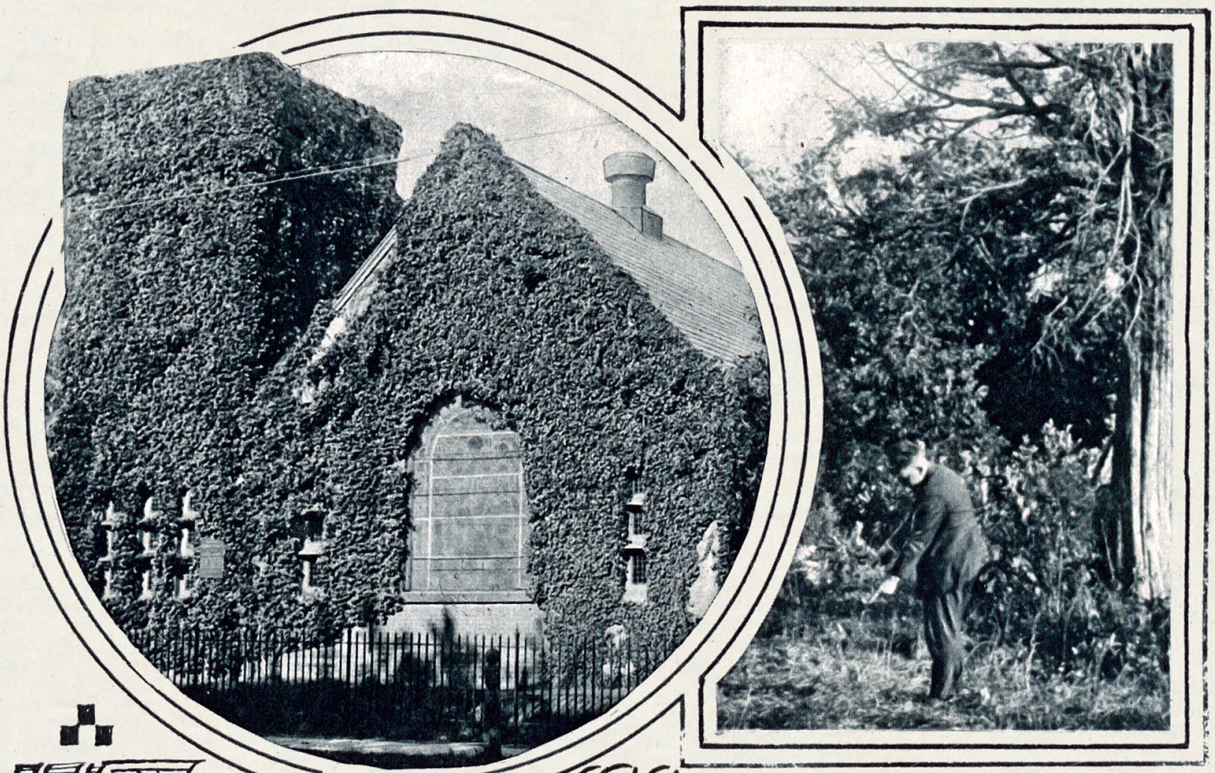
Was his Last Sermon a

by Arthur



In the circle is the picturesque church of St. John in New Brunswick, N. J., the minister of which was one of the major figures in the tragedy

The wild spot where the bodies of the Rev. Edward Hall and Mrs. James Mills were found

Mrs. James Mills, wife of the sexton of the Church of St. John whose body was found with that of the minister

Seldom has a happening so held the public eye as has the mysterious tragedy at New Brunswick, N. J. Is it a story of love triumphant unto death — or is there still another unknown element in this tale? Our investigator's story casts light on several angles of this fatal occurrence not illuminated before

DID the Reverend Edward Wheeler Hall, rector of the aristocratic church of St. John, at New Brunswick, New Jersey, who was found slain side by side with the beautiful leader of his choir, Mrs. Eleanor Mills, under an orchard tree between the Raritan meadows and the river, have a premonition of impending doom as he preached the last sermon he was ever to deliver to his trusting flock?

The whole world knows now the sordid details of the tragedy itself. Over ten thousand miles of wires and by cable under the sea, has gone the story of the mysterious friendship of this churchly pair and the ruin to which it led them.

Every day brings fresh surprises in this modern drama of love and hate, worship and sin, hope and death.

But that clergyman's brain! What thoughts were seething in it as he leaned forward, above his lecture, his eyes meeting those of the fair leader of his choir, whose body was so soon to be joined with his in violence and death? Were they thoughts of piety, or of lust? Was the rumor true that he and his gentle fellow worshipper had planned to dare all, and leave home, church, and country to link their lives together in a far eastern land?

It was in search of the answer to such questions that the editor of MIDNIGHT sent an investigator to New Brunswick. The inexplicable delays and blunders of the two counties involved in the crime had already aroused nation-wide comment and distrust.

One day passes; two; three—a week; the second week is begun.

Will no one solve the horrible riddle of this midnight murder?

Not in the uproar of the feverish city, but in the cool serenity of a peaceful town bordered by quiet groves and wide meadows and circled by a gentle river has the dark deed been done.

Somewhere is deeper blackness than these midnight shadows; somewhere a darker crimson than stains the woman's throat. Black with hate and red with guilt a murderer hides.

Who is he? Who is she? Or, if more than one, where do they lurk—with these bloody secrets in their hearts?

Any hour may bring the answer to the hellish riddle. Many minds, many hands and feet are making that search. Suspicions, dark as the crime itself, have been lodged against officials of two New Jersey counties; still vaguer suspicions against rich and powerful members of the community thus outraged.

But there was another search to be made. What sort of soul had this man who was thus struck down in the midnight darkness at the side of the woman whose guide to holiness and purity he was supposed to be? Was his heart as black as the shadows among which the murderers lurked? Was he a wolf in sheep's clothing? Pledged to care for the sheep of his flock, had he lured one of the fairest of his fold to sin—and thus to death?

Most startling were the comments of the dwellers in that small river city about the character of the dead minister and concerning his friendship with

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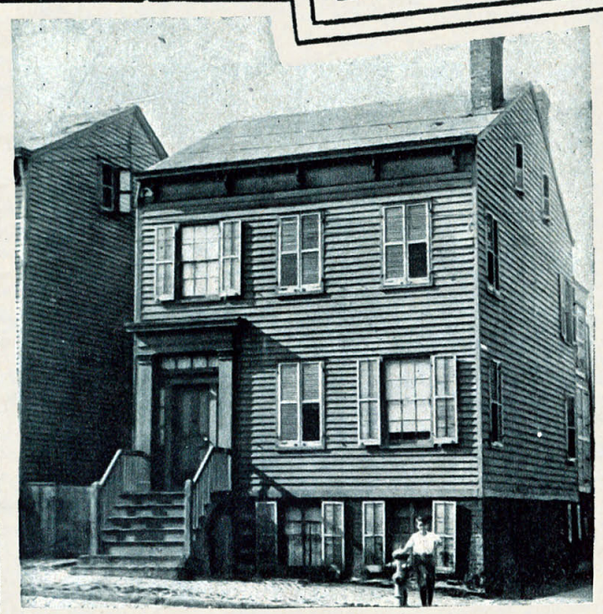
Prophecy of his Murder?

H. Howland

The luxurious house of the dead minister, where he lived with his wife and three children



The little home in Carman Street, New Brunswick, N. J., in which James Mills, sexton of the church and husband of the murdered woman, lives

"God is our refuge and our strength." This was the text of the unfortunate minister's last sermon. Was it prophecy? Did he feel the shadow of the sinister wings of fate hovering above him?

another man's wife. Fourteen days and nights had been told off after the tragedy before any word could be noted that cast sharp blame upon him. Till that time, all the listening ears of the trained men and women of the press who had gone to the town to get and send out the news of the murder, could hear only praise and a wistful sort of sympathy for the preacher whose voice had been hushed.

This is an unvarnished record of what was found in that searching of the soul of a murdered priest and the heart of the city in which he had lived and worked.

This:

"He was a good man."

"He visited and comforted our sick; he counseled tenderly those who were perplexed; he loved the children and cheered the aged; he laughed with those who laughed and wept with those that mourned. He bore our griefs and carried our sorrows. He showed us light in darkness, courage when the fight was hard."

But was he the guilty lover of this woman who had been another man's wife? Had he lived in sin while preaching holiness?

The people made answer with perplexed and sorrowful smiles.

What is love? What is holiness? The man and woman loved each other—as neighbors, as fellow-workers in the church that labored for the welfare of the city; they loved each other as friends; they loved each other as brother and sister in the household of the church. Had they loved otherwise than that—as lover and mistress?

Bishop and brethren said "No." The man's wife said "No." The woman's husband said "No."

But what did the community think?

The sad smiles told what they thought.

Let him who cares and dares attempt to explain this mystery of a city's tolerance.

Does it mean that men and women stand reverent before the showing of a love that is real? Does it mean that humanity in its consciousness of weakness, recognizes the power of a transcendent love?

Does it mean that those dwellers by a sturdy river know that as soon as hope to stop the flowing of such a love they might as well hope to turn the tides of the Raritan back toward the western hills from which it flows instead of consenting that it shall flow eastward toward the all-embracing sea?

But something else was discovered. It was rather sensed than heard. Visitors to the city felt that in stately homes there had been whispers like this: "If he had to venture into forbidden fields for love why did he not choose a family of his own rank? Why, with so many pompous homes about him, did he go to so poor a street, to so bare a home to find a companion?"

There was much bitter comment among the visiting men and women of the press on the fact that the church members who turned out to honor the rector when his body was about to be carried to its grave remained indoors on the day when the woman who had shared his fate was laid to rest.

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The slain minister and his widow, two mournful figures in one of the most mysterious and inexplicable murders in recent years

Was this, again, the age-old injustice that puts upon the woman all the blame when conventions are defied—or was it only that other resentment of caste—that sullen sentiment that the poor should be content to love and mate with their own kind and not invade the homes of the rich with their affections and their dreams?

Who shall say? And again, who shall judge?

The fact appears to show that this woman, wistful, ambitious, in soul and brain, was quickened to new joys by the sympathy and counsel of the man ordained to be her teacher and guide, that in the midst of her barren life he had come with understanding and cheer and that in his fellowship and in the opportunity of working with him she had found the things which poverty and toil had deprived her of before he came.

There are forty thousand men, women and children in that city. And, in spite of differences and misunderstandings the city has a soul. And if the trained men and women sent to solve and interpret the tragedy for the newspaper readers of America rightly understood that soul of the city, it looked with an unwonted tenderness upon both the victims, the lips of the people held back from chiding in the stately presence of a great love.

IF there were fiends lurking about who felt otherwise, and were led by some strange fury of fanatical zeal or savage hate to stamp out such love—or the signs of it—with bullet and blade, they do not represent the united heart of the forty thousand.

And this also, they feel, as they sit in their own home circles or go about their work; that the Christ whom the man preached would not have dealt thus with the situation.

Said the fiends: "There is too much love here. We will kill love with hate. We will stamp out these too ardent lives with death. The tongue of this false prophet shall be stilled. This sharp knife shall end the notes of this fair singer and a hail of leaden bullets shall stop the dreamings of her too ambitious brain."

And then they think of the Nazarene, praying under the deep shadows of the olive trees of Gethsemane that love might be poured forth on love in such quenchless torrents that all hate and violence might come to an end and only Love abide throughout the vast family of mankind.

I went to the mansion where the minister had lived.

Within that great, still house a woman shrank in terror and bitter grief. For not only was her husband dead; not only was the world gossiping over the problem of his faithfulness or unfaithfulness to her; in many quarters she was suspected of having guilty knowledge of the manner of his death.

There she waited, with throbbing heart, for the next move of the dreadful drama.

Would she be accused, as she knew she was already suspected?

Our elbows almost touching, I sat on the porch, in the gentle darkness of the warm September night, with her best friend. (*Continued on Page 10*)

The New Home of Macfadden Publications

The six-story building at 1926 Broadway, which has been taken over by Macfadden Publications, Inc., and will be occupied by them on or about November 1st

Notice To Our Friends and Patrons

DUE to the steady and rapid growth of the six periodicals constituting the Macfadden Publications, Inc., together with the highly satisfactory increase in our book publishing business, it has become necessary for us to move to larger quarters.

Accordingly, we have taken over the entire six-story building at 1926 Broadway, corner 64th Street, and will move in as near the first of November as possible.

We realize that our growth to the point where this change becomes necessary is due to the friendship and support of the readers of the Macfadden Publications, and we take this occasion to express our sincere appreciation of the loyalty with which they have stood behind us.

MACFADDEN PUBLICATIONS, INC., 113-119 West 40th Street, New York City
Publishers of Physical Culture, True Story, Movie Weekly, National Brain Power, Beautiful Womanhood, Midnight

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Find a New Yorker *in* New York!

"Why, where would one find a New Yorker—if not in New York?" we can almost hear you exclaim. Well, just you try it once—or, better still, read this yarn about the man who tried. A New Yorker in New York appears to be as rare as a pair of earmuffs on the equator—if you'll believe Mr. Kelly. And the afore-mentioned Mr. Kelly is one who would scorn to prevaricate, he says

By

T. Howard Kelly

"P-O-L-I-C-E . . . . ." screamed the modishly-dressed blonde girl, backing nervously into one of the Broadway entrances of the Hotel Astor.

Pedestrians out for an evening's stroll in the glamour of the Great White Way, theater-goers dashing madly to make the first curtain, patrons of the hotel, the purple and gold liveried doormen of the hostelry, taxicab drivers, newsboys, and in fact everybody in the immediate vicinity who heard the young woman's cry stopped in their tracks to see what it was all about.

"SShh——" I begged her, "If you shout that loud again you may accidentally awaken a cop. . . . Please . . . . I'm not a bold bandit . . . . nor a masher . . . ."

"Then why do you, a perfect stranger, stop me on the street like this?" she demanded, still angry but less frightened.

I was just about to explain my reason for doing so when I realized that we were nearly surrounded by a crowd of about two hundred people. As I had no intention of stump speeching I turned to the girl:

"Mademoiselle," I said grandly, "if you have five minutes to spare, will you accompany me inside, where I will make my explanations and apologies?"

For a moment it looked as if she was going to edge out of the crowd and thus refuse my request. However, she changed her plans.

"Come," she said, turning to enter the hotel, "I will give you exactly five minutes."

"Lady, I stopped you to ask one simple question," I said as we took seats on a divan in Peacock Alley.

"Out with it, please," she demanded.

"Were you born in New York City?"

The girl's surprise was acute. I might just as well have asked if she was the Queen of Sheba—or Mary Pickford. Several seconds passed before she answered.

"Is that why you nearly frightened me to death?" she asked, new anger coming into her voice, "You must be out of your senses. I've got a good mind to call the po——"

"No—No—please," I interrupted pleadingly, "You don't understand . . . . You see it's like this," my voice sank into a whisper, "It's not my fault that I've put you to all this trouble. Blame it on the editor of Midnight . . . . He told me to go out and find one honest-to-goodness, dyed-in-the-wool, born-on-the-island-of-Manhattan New Yorker —or lose my job on the staff. I—I—thought——"

"Oh, you thought you'd try your luck with me . . . . Well, you lose in this case . . . . I'm from South——"

"South Brooklyn?" I interrupted hopefully. That was only across the river and maybe the editor would relent and consider South Brooklyn.

"NO," she answered, her eyes flashing fire, "South Carolina."

"I'm done for," I answered despairingly, "You are the sixty-second person I've accosted in the last two hours, and the nearest I've come to a New Yorker is a fellow who claims he was born in Yonkers . . . I see where my job goes blooey tomorrow——"

"I'm sorry. Maybe you'll have more luck later. Perhaps the real New Yorkers don't come out until near midnight . . . ."

"That's a good hunch. I'll keep up the hunt until then," I replied.

"Where are you from?" asked the girl curiously.

"Oh—you wouldn't know the place if I told you . . . . small town," I said evasively.

"But where?" she insisted.

"Yulee, Florida," I replied.

"Humph! You don't talk like a Southerner. Where's your accent? Your slow drawl?"

"Search me. Where's yours. I'd never taken you for a South Carolinan. Fact is I took you for a New York girl——"

"Why?"

"Oh—lots of reasons," I floundered, "you dress like one—walk like one—have that snappy metropolitan air," I finished with a flourish.

Those words were an inspiration. They just hit the right nail on the head. Funny, this vanity we humans, men and women, have. The blonde girl beamed on me.

"Do you really think so?" she half cooed.

"Sure thing . . . . that's why I went up to you."

"And, do you know why I screamed?" she asked.

"No . . . . But I'd like to know."

"Because, I thought you were one of those slick New York chaps trying to be fresh. And you are really a reporter for a magazine?"

"Yes," I answered.

"It must be terribly fascinating work," she began.

I soon put her wise. Ten minutes later when I finished talking she promised never to give up her secretarial job at thirty-five dollars a week for the uncertain, harrowing business of newspaper or magazine reporting.

"I will take your advice," she said, "but, just for the fun of it I would like to do something in that line sometime."

"Are you kidding, now?" I asked.

"Cross my heart," she answered, making the sign.

"Then why not try and help me save my job tonight?"

At first she did not quite get my meaning. But I explained the idea in full. Then she was all for it.

"Do you like to go to funny little Italian places and eat?" I asked after outlining the last detail of her job for me.

"I'm crazy about spaghetti?" she answered.

"Then meet me at Tony Raviola's on West Fourty-fourth Street near Sixth Avenue—say, a quarter to twelve. Regardless of whether we are successful in finding a New Yorker or not we'll put on the feed bags. Great spaget at Tony's. Wonderful tomato sauce. No imitation about it. Tony

(*Continued on Page 12*)

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From the Underworld

A Gripping Human Document of the

WHEN you have finished reading this story of my life, a life that has been black with sin and shame you may possibly declare it to be the most revolting tale that you've ever read. And if you do, why I don't know but that you may be right in your conclusions. However, I shall not be very much surprised for I know that that is usually the verdict when one has the courage to tell the truth about one's self—the courage and the integrity to picture life as one has lived it, as it really is, naked, undressed, without the frills!

That's what I intend to do in this narrative and let me tell you WHY I intend to do it. That's important. First of all, I'm not doing it for money or remuneration of any kind. I have all the money I need, more than I will ever be able to spend. I have everything that I want in the line of this world's goods. I have social position and prestige. I am recognized as a person of some distinction today. Not the prestige and the distinction that comes from wealth, no, no, the prestige and the distinction that comes from character and achievement, purpose in life and the realization that the woman in the gutter is just as much my sister as the woman in the gilded drawing rooms of Fifth Avenue.

I am telling my story because I believe with all my heart and soul that it is my duty, my solemn obligation to the rank and file of struggling humanity, particularly women! My motives are absolutely altruistic. I pledge you my word of honor and I have honor, even though I have come up from the bowels of the underworld! That's the truth!

And truth is what we need most of all in this country today, we've needed truth for centuries and centuries and if we had had it, more of it and less hypocrisy, there wouldn't be so much vice and social maladjustment in the world today. Our false ideas of modesty, our silly, brainless pretenses and our utter hypocrisy have had more to do with perpetuating vice and disease than any other factors within the boundaries of civilization. I know what I'm talking about, believe me!

Saints are few and far between. They belong to the ages of the dim and distant past. I know many women, my friends in society today, who profess to be saints, oh yes, any number of them. Outwardly models of propriety but at heart they are rotten and immoral. I know!

I know life and I know that this is the age of the bruised and struggling sinner. That's the type that I'm trying to reach, the honest, unfortunate woman who says, "I'm in bad, but oh God, I want to be good and I don't know how to start. I'm so bad that I can't start. What am I going to do?" I want to reach that woman and I will reach her with this story of my own tragic life!

Every day in the week there are thousands of young girls taking the first step out on the road that leads to ruin regardless of the efforts of reformers, parents, ministers and priests and the rest of the well meaning but stupid people who believe that virtue can be preserved by sermons and platitudes. These unfortunate girls are on their way because they don't know anything about the traps, and the web and tangle of stark naked life.

Prostitution is increasing at an alarming rate in this country, all over the world in fact, and these thousands and thousands of poor girls are being added to the great arm because they don't know, because those of us who do know, who have sinned and suffered and learned are not real women but pitiful cowards, arch-hypocrites, who hide what we have been when we should be giving it out to the world, contributing to the fund of human understanding. If we tore off the masks and spoke the truth about our lives and gave these young, unknowing girls the benefit of our experiences we would be helping them to avoid some of the things that knocked us off our feet and sent us stumbling into the dirt!

"I tell this story because I believe the woman in the gutter is just as much my sister as the woman in the gilded drawing rooms of Fifth Avenue . . . because I believe with all my heart and soul that it is my duty, my solemn obligation to the rank and file of struggling humanity, particularly to women!"

NOW if every woman in the world who has lived as I have lived would only do what I'm doing she would be of real service to humanity. If all this information that most of us can give were put together and studied intelligently, can't you see that it would accomplish more good than all the sermons and all the platitudes in the world? The girls who don't know would know. The great tragedy of this age is sensuality and the way to combat it is by pointing out the living consequences of it. If you can say to your daughter, as I now say to mine, "Darling, here is a girl who sinned and this is what happened to her," I'll guarantee that it will have more effect than the sermon, especially if the girl whom you point out as the living example has gone through Hell itself.

So I'm telling my story because I want to be of service to my sex. This should be the ambition of every whole-souled woman who has erred. Now to my confessions.

First of all I was not born a pauper. I didn't live in one of those dirty, fetid and crowded tenement districts wherein most of the social vermin are bred. My father was not a drunkard who brought me into the world and then forgot all about me. My mother didn't die with a broken heart. She didn't have to work and slave from morn 'till night, as many mothers have to do. No, thanks be to God, there wasn't any of that in my youth for I had a delightful home life. I had almost every advantage and joy that comes to the girl of the great middle

Well, the rich boys took me around and showed me things that I had never seen before. Eventually I learned how to smoke a cigarette and drink a cocktail, but I still remained a good girl; I went just so far and no further. . .

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to Fifth Avenue

Regeneration of a Lost Soul

classes. There was hope and virtue and laughter in my girlhood!

My father was a skilled mechanic, a master mechanic in one of the big railroad shops of Boston, earning approximately fifty dollars a week and fifty dollars a week twelve years ago was considered a lot of money.

There were only three of us children in the family, so you can readily see that the proverbial wolf was never howling at the door and that my parents didn't have to worry about how they were going to pay the rent and the rest of the bills necessary to the maintenance of a home.

My parents were ideal in every way. We were all devout Catholics and we lived up to the letter of our faith.

My fall from grace cannot be attributed to the early environment in which I was reared. Neither can it be attributed to heredity.

And I was the only one of the family who went wrong. The only one who threw the pearl of my soul into the filth of life. My brother was one of the finest fellows that ever lived. When he had reached his twentieth year he entered the seminary to study for the priesthood. Four years later he was ordained and today he is the pastor of one of the largest congregations in New York City. A priest and a real human being! I say this because he helped me to get up after my father and my mother disowned me.

My only sister was a paragon of virtue. I don't think she ever had an impure thought and when she became eighteen she went into the convent. Renounced all claim to the world, consecrated her life to God!

I intended to join her and would have done so if it hadn't been for the entreaties of my father to stay with my mother.

CAN you by any stretch of the imagination picture a more ideal environment for a girl to be raised in? Is there any excuse to be offered for a girl who went wrong after having lived in this atmosphere? On the surface you would be justified in saying "no," but tarry awhile before you judge.

At eighteen my parents sent me to a business college to take up the study of telegraphy and when I graduated, the college obtained a position for me with the Western Union Telegraph Company in their main office. I was employed there about six months when they sent me out to take charge of their sub-station in the Main Post Office of Boston. I got this promotion because I was extraordinarily efficient as a telegrapher. This sub-station was located right in the heart of the financial district of Boston. Occasionally I met some of the heads of the big banking houses all of whom were very liberal with me, giving me huge tips and never failing to ask me to go out with them "for a bird and a bottle." I paid no attention to their proposals. I was beginning to learn a thing or two about men. Most of these fellows who wanted to "take me out" were married and had families. I made a lot of money, a lot for a girl The company paid me eighteen dollars a week and I received twice that much in tips. Every cent went to my mother. The more I could give her the happier I was. I was a real good kid in those days.

After I had been in the Post Office station for about six months I was sent over to manage the Hotel Touraine office of the Western Union. At that time the Touraine was considered the most fashionable hotel in New England, for all the better people of Boston congregated there. It was the rendezvous for all the young bloods of the exclusive Back Bay and the Commonwealth Avenue sections.

Immediately I was attracted by his personality, and I said to myself, "There's that handsome Jack Martin," and sure enough it was he. . .

Never have we read a confession that held us as this does. Never has any magazine printed its like. This is one of the most intensely human stories that ever saw the light of day. It will help you—this story. It will help you to know that the fight is never over as long as you remain on this earth—that there is always a chance for those who have the grit to fight the good fight

In those days the Touraine occupied pretty much the same position as the Ritz Carlton or the Plaza does today in the high social life of New York City. The luxurious atmosphere of the place fascinated me. The palms and the rich tapestries, the music, the finely dressed men in their evening clothes and the women in their beautiful gowns, the jewels and the night in and night out revelry simply overwhelmed me. They came at night after the theatre in their liveried limousines. They danced and ate and smoked and sipped their cocktails. It was all so different from anything that I had ever seen, it was new to me and I envied these women who were getting so much romance out of life. I envied them and then I decided that I wanted to be like them. I thought they were wonderful.

Right away I began to weave dreams, the kind of dreams that many young girls weave. I wanted a rich husband. I made up my mind that I was going to get one and then for the first time in my life I woke up to the fact that I was really good looking. I had been told it many, many times by different bankers in the banking district, but it didn't mean anything to me. I had looks and a fine physique and everything that a girl needed to catch a rich husband, so why shouldn't I get one, I said to myself. Many of the wealthy young fellows that frequented the Touraine had asked me out but I always said no. My father and mother had advised against it. They told me that no rich man had any respect for a poor girl and that I would be better off if I associated with young men in my own class.

I DECIDED that my parents were old-fashioned and that the standards of conduct and ethics had changed since they were young and that the things which were considered wrong in their youth were all right today. That was the first bad move I made. When a girl disregards the advice of her parents she is headed for a fall.

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Yes, I was sure that "Mom" was entirely wrong in her views. I couldn't see why I shouldn't be allowed to run around with rich boys, so I concluded to accept some of the invitations that I had been refusing.

Well, the rich boys took me around and showed me things that I had never seen before. Eventually I learned how to smoke a cigarette and drink a cocktail, but I still remained a good girl, I went just so far and no further.

And then I fell in love—fell in love with one of the most despicable men that the God Almighty ever created, the most reptilian skunk that ever walked. I desecrate the name of love when I use it in connection with his name. But, however, here's the story.

He was very good looking, the actor type, tall, nearly six feet. He had jet black shiny hair, nice teeth that he was forever showing through his parted lips. He had lovely skin, soft and pink like a baby's. He was the kind that I had always pictured in my sentimental reveries, dashing, debonair and always immaculately dressed. He was the type, experience has since taught me, that never appeals to the woman with any understanding, but unfortunately the type that never fails to sweep the uneducated, unknowing girl clean off her feet with his subtle flattery and his devilishly charming manner. I know his kind now, yes, I know all those cold-blooded, dirty, sex-crazed men to whom the innocent, virtuous girl is just another victim!

He was stopping at the Touraine when I first met him and long before we ever met I had heard the girls talking about him. "Handsome Jack" they called him. Every girl in the hotel raved about him from the chambermaids down. They said he was "stunning, wonderful and grand."

I remember very well the first time that he spoke to me. He came up to the little window in front of my office to send a telegram. Immediately I was attracted by his personality and I said to myself, "There's that Handsome Jack Martin." Sure enough it was he. He looked at me and smiled and then he passed some silly remark. His voice was soft, silvery and mellow and filled with graceful inflections. It thrilled me beyond expression and I stuttered for a reply to what he said. Well, I just lost my heart right then and there. He played upon my emotions with his oily, subtle phrases until he simply captivated me body and soul.

The next day he came to my office again to send another telegram and while there he asked me if I would have dinner with him the next evening. I was delighted so I accepted. Thereafter I was with him every night for a month or more. He took me to theatres, cabarets, taught me to dance, sent me flowers and candy and finally wound up by confessing his love for me and asking me to marry him.

"I want you, dearest," he told me, "worse than I've ever wanted anything in my life before. I adore you Dear Heart and I must have you."

I have never forgotten that speech. I thought it was the finest one that I had ever heard. Every word was a note of gold to my unknowing ears.

After he proposed marriage to me I took him home and introduced him to my parents both of whom liked him immensely and so did all my friends He was a Prince Charming if there ever was one. He talked about all the wonderful things that he was going to do for me when we were married. He told me of the social position of his parents in New York, what a "dear" his mother was and what a "democratic, all-round good fellow the old Governor was." I swallowed all of it and was gulping for more. Oh, what a trusting unsuspecting fool I was!

Step by step he lead me up to the precipice, with infinite patience and adroitness that beggars description he worked on me until at last in a wave of passion, passion such as I had never known before, I yielded to him, succumbed to the thing that had been growing on me day by day and which I had been fighting to overcome with all the fervor and all the strength of my being! The bitter, poignant memories of that first fall stab me to the heart!

AFTER that it became a common thing, I gave in to him every time that he tempted me, gave without any reservation, with all my heart and soul, violated all the sacred traditions of modesty, for I loved him, at least I thought I did, devotedly. He could have had my life if he had wanted it. He was the first man that had ever stimulated any sex thought in me.

About a month after our first intimacy he left for New York and before he left he set the day for our wedding. "We must have a regular wedding, sweetheart," he told me before he went, "music and a mass. I'll bring mother and sister back with me." I was the happiest girl imaginable the day that he kissed me good-bye at the South Station. He waved to me from the rear of the observation car until the train was lost sight of in the long perspective.

A week or two after he left I realized that I was pregnant. I was worried sick so I wrote to him to hurry back. During those two weeks I never heard a word from him. I wrote him again and again. I sent him telegrams to the address in New York to which he had sent messages. No reply came to any of my communications.

God only knows what torture and anguish of mind I suffered in those days. I just fretted myself down to a skeleton. I couldn't eat and I couldn't sleep and I was continually haunted with the fear that my mother would ultimately discover my condition.

I was on the verge of desperation. I didn't know what to do or where to go. The only one with whom I could talk and in whom I could confide was my girl friend who worked with me in the Touraine. I remember word for word what she said to me when I told her about my condition.

"Forget it," she told me, "that's nothing to worry about, kid, I've been that way myself several times. I can take ya to a doctor friend of mine who will fix ya up for fifty dollars."

When I learned just what the "fixing up" process was, I was horror-stricken. That was plain out and out murder of an innocent life and I wouldn't entertain it for a minute.

Well, the more I thought about what to do the further away the solution seemed to be. The burden was gradually becoming unbearable and I finally approached the state where I decided to end it all by destroying myself, but every time that I reached the psychological moment my courage failed me.

Words seem to be so absolutely useless when I try to set down my feelings in those days, there was nothing but infinite pain, infinite remorse and humiliation without end or limit. Not yet twenty years old and about to become a mother. I tell you I was dumb with sorrow!

And then there came a change, a transformation that I've never been able to understand even to this day. I say this to you, honestly! There were no more tears, no more pain, no more regret. I ceased to suffer, I refused to endure another minute of suffering. Overnight, almost, I became a cave woman, hard as could be, immune to anguish, indifferent to everything in life that was worth while!

I cursed myself for having been so simple and trusting and I cursed myself for having been such a weakling and such a fool. "Why," I mused, "should I sit down and cry my eyes out over a dirty dog that isn't worth one of my tears. Why should I be so much concerned about what people will say and think."

I made up my mind that I was going to New York to look for "Handsome Jack Martin." Before I went I bought a gun. I was determined to kill him just as soon as I laid my eyes on him, kill him like the dog that he was. Wild, mad, insane, murderous thoughts dominated me from head to foot when I boarded the Knickerbocker Limited for New York City! I knew that the electric chair was staring me in the face if I persisted in carrying out my determination, but I went on!

(*To be continued.*)

His Last Sermon

(*Continued from Page 6*)

She is what is called in shop and street and home talk, "the salt of the earth." White hair clustering above her temples; before we sat down in the shadows I had looked straight into her deep gray eyes. Her voice came to me, subdued, confident, in the midst of the night's soft stillness:

"If you only knew her you would know how impossible is such a thought. I have been her best friend. I have known her always. I was her bridesmaid. I have known every angle of their home life from the beginning. The truth will be known some day."

I asked to see the notes of the man's last sermon. I told her I wanted to get that glimpse into his mind, to be able to give some hint to the world of his thoughts as he went about his work.

She promised to try to find them for me, and the next noon, after having joined with the worshippers in the church on which his name still stood in golden letters as the pastor, I sat with her again on the rectory porch with the notes of that last sermon in my hands.

"Mrs. Hall and I went through the papers on his desk this morning," she said, "and these are what we found. They are not dated, but this one, pointing to the first, was on top. This seems to be that last sermon you are looking for."

It was an exposition of the 46th Psalm, beginning, "God is our refuge and strength."

At last I was to get a glimpse into the soul of the preacher-lover who was dead.

He seemed to have been a rather modern preacher for under the opening line about the Deity, he had written:

"The life principle prevails."

"The love principle prevails."

Line by line he commented on the words of the ancient faith.

I came to the last page, copying the words as I rested his papers and my own on the arm of the chair he must often have sat in:

"Surrender yourselves to Life, Love, God.

"This church, this parish, this altar stands here, a Tower of witness that Life, Love, God, the Soul, Immortality, are eternal verities.

"Be brave, be strong.

"Do not fear sin, suffering, death."

And here crept in a bit of churchly dogma:

"The Holy Communion is your pledge that you can conquer these."

Then the last lines leapt out from the white page, startling, beautiful, terrible in the light of what followed.

Here was indeed the premonition we had suspected. Here must have been that mystic inspiration that leads many a poet to make death the theme of the last lines he writes.

Into whose eyes had he looked as he uttered the words? Had wife or friend, or any who heard been conscious that the end he spoke of was so near at hand?

Could he have guessed that his last lying down would be so different from that of the picture he drew? Did he quote without faltering these stately words from a great poet's pure soul?

So live that when thy summons comes to join
The innumerable caravan that moves
To that mysterious realm where each shall take
His chamber in the silent halls of death,
Thou go not like the quarry-slave at night,
Scourged to his dungeon, but sustained and soothed
By an unfaltering trust, approach thy grave,
Like one who wraps the drapery of his couch
About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams."

"The Staircase of Death."

By Svengali

In Next Week's MIDNIGHT

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Why I am a Spendthrift

Interview
By
Leda Bauerberg

Now that Diamond Jim Brady, pictured above at the left, has gone to a world where there are not, presumably, any diamonds nor any first nights, a new king has risen in his stead. Readers, meet Diamond Marty Kline, who tells you all about it in this fascinating chronicle. Marty Kline, meet the readers of MIDNIGHT. All right, LET'S GO!

BROADWAY has a new King. The throne left vacant on the death of the late Diamond Jim Brady is occupied again. The crown, sceptre and mantel have been taken out of moth-balls. And the title, logically enough, has been inherited by a member of Brady's own circle of intimates—Diamond Marty Kline, formerly of London—now of the Great White Way.

For months, Diamond Marty has been "hitting the high spots" and making for himself an enviable reputation in the amusement district as the city's greatest spender, but only recently did his name become known to the non-Broadwayite. This happened when he broke into print the other day with a denunciation of White Light restaurant keepers in general, and Reisenweber in particular. Then it became public property that a new King had at last materialized—and that he was out to show the American millionaire how most efficiently and pleasureably to waste money.

"They call me Diamond Marty," Kline says, "because I'm a fiend for diamonds. I've got whole vaults of them, and I'm crazy about the stones. Collecting them is my greatest hobby. I wear immense diamonds all the time," and he pointed to a scarfpin containing a diamond the size of a quarter. "Whenever a jeweller gets hold of a particularly fine stone, he knows what to do with it. He telephones me—and I send him a check. Jewellers all over the city have a standing order from me to send along to my hotel every stunning diamond they can find. I can't pass a jewelry store displaying diamonds without going in and buying a few!"

Pulling out a drawer of his desk, in his suite at the Hotel Hamilton, Diamond Marty showed this interviewer masses of cancelled checks, representing a few weeks' expenditures, the denomination of each being in the thousands.

"I guess I'm the King of Broadway," he laughed. "Anyway, there's where I'm spending my money," and he glanced at the little green papers. "Let's see—here's one to Reisenweber for $2,500—I spent that there the other night. And here's one for $5,000—I can't remember whom I gave it to. Probably some one of the girls I meet every night going from cabaret to cabaret. I never hear their names—and seldom see them a second time—but no one has to ask me twice for money. What's money for, if not to have a good time?—and believe me, I'm getting a good time giving it away."

A slim, dark fellow, in his early thirties, very dapper and jaunty, Kline came over here from England, where he was the retired bantamweight king several years ago. But it is only lately that he has, as he puts it himself, "stepped out." He lived quietly over here, on his ring savings, until an uncle, in the Argentine, died, about a year ago, and to Kline's amazement left him not only a tremendous fortune, but also the income from properties throughout the United States—properties which the inheritor may not sell, but the income from which there is nothing to prevent him from squandering.

"I'm willing to be a 'sucker,'" Diamond Marty says, apropos of his recent fight with Reisenweber which created so much talk up and down Broadway, "but I've got to know about it. I'll spend—but nobody's going to put anything over on me."

It was a matter of principle that brought the Reisenweber-Kline affair to public notice. A check for $200 caused the trouble.

"MY usual bill for an evening's entertainment is about $2,500," said Diamond Marty, speaking of the mix-up, "and in less than three months I've spent $22,000 at Reisenweber's alone. A short while ago, somebody put me wise to the fact that I was being done—that I never got my money's worth. So that night I began to watch. Then I noticed that the champagne I ordered never got to me. Whenever I'd turn my back, the waiter would whisk away a few full bottles, charge me for them, and bring along some others. I pretended to be drunk as a lord, but I didn't touch the champagne, just to see what would happen. At the end of the evening $200 for champagne was put onto my bill. I gave a check for that amount, not wanting to make any trouble in the restaurant, but stopped the check in the morning. For this, I was hauled into court by the manager. Of course, when the owner of the place heard about it, he was furious at the stupidity of the people who would antagonize a customer like me for a few hundred dollars. But anyway, Magistrate Simpson dismissed the case against me. Everybody knows that $200 means nothing in my life, but I'll be a sucker for nobody. Anybody who wants money only has to ask for it, and I'll overpay with my eyes open. But I won't stand for being fooled."

Broadway's latest "millionaire kid" has well-defined views about Broadway and about life. "Broadway is a drug," he says, "and once you get it into your system, it's impossible to get cured. No one knows better than I how rotten the whole thing is—how false and tawdry—but it gets into your blood, and you can't break away. Every morning I decide to change my life—and every evening I'm making the rounds of the cabarets with my friends—buying up everything in every place I enter—paying the checks of everybody in the restaurant whether I know them or not. That's the way I get my pleasure—making people happy, buying things for everybody, giving the folks around me a good time. Why there's forty bell-boys in this hotel, and every day, when I go downstairs, I tip each one a dollar. It wouldn't do just to tip one or two, because the feelings of the others would be hurt, so I line 'em all up, and tip each one. It's the same in the garage where I keep my cars. I can't tip just the fellow who polishes the brass or puts in the gas. It wouldn't be kind. So I call all the workingmen in the place together every day and hand out a couple of dollars to each. Nobody can say that I ever intentionally hurt anybody's feelings."

Diamond Marty rides about town, in one of his Rolls-Royces, an armed footman sitting beside him, his chauffeur strong and fearless. His diamonds, shoes and hair all glittering, make him a fair target for brigands, but so far he has never, to his knowledge, been robbed.

"Of course," he says, "it's hard for a man like me to keep track of my things—I've got about 300 suits of clothes, and Brill Brothers have a standing order to send me a pair of patent leather shoes every

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Find a New Yorker in New York

(*Continued from Page 7*)

must have got the trick of making it in the old country."

"I'll be there—and, furthermore I expect to have the street address and telephone number of at least two real New Yorkers——"

"Remember they must have been born here—must live here—must make their living—all that kind of stuff. My editor says there isn't that kind of a New Yorker in New York."

We got up from our comfortable seats and sauntered through the alley to the street. Once on the sidewalk I turned to the girl and gave her a last instruction.

"Remember you take this side of Broadway from Forty-Second Street up . . . . I'll take the other side. Are you all set?"

"Yes," she came back, "and look for me at eleven forty-five at Tony's—I'll have a five dollar spaghetti appetite," she laughed.

"It'll be worth double that if you find the needle in the haystack." With those words I tipped my hat and started across Broadway.

MIDWAY across the street of myriad lights that blinked, glittered and intrigued like gleaming jewels and fireflies I was held up by a snarl in the traffic. I looked at the people standing close by who were in the same predicament as myself. Most of them were well dressed and had the appearance of being out for pleasure. Immediately I told myself they were visitors in Gotham, merely a handful of the thousands upon thousands who enter and leave New York daily. It was shooting in the dark, I decided, to ask any of them if they were born Manhattanites. When the traffic lanes were clear again and the knot of humanity began to untwist and move forward toward the east curb of Broadway I moved with it, intent upon reaching a telephone booth. A great idea had come to me. One that would do away with the necessity of stopping absolute strangers on the street.

But—even as I followed in the wake of the crowd I could not resist the temptation of asking the traffic officer my fated question.

"Where are you from, officer?" I said, stopping in front of him as he waved the westbound traffic into motion.

"Shure—Oim from Jheruslam . . . . watch yer step . . . ." he bellowed back at me above the roar of moving things.

"No kidding," I remonstrated, "were you born in New York City—I'm——"

"Hivin presarve us, NO. An' git outa here before wan o' these joggin' carts mash ye into pulp—Was oi born in the loikes of New York——County Kilkenny——" I heard the words as I dodged between a black and white cab and one painted a glaring yellow.

Finally I made a telephone booth in a United Cigar Store. I changed fifty-cents into nickels, mentally resolving to turn in an expense item of one dollar for calls. Telephone directory in hand I turned the pages——A—B—C—Cramer—Cramer, John F., 118 West 175th Street.

That was good enough! I would ring up John and find out if he was born a New Yorker.

"Audubon 6775."

"What you bane want?" came the question over the wire after I sung out a half dozen hellos.

I was temporarily disconcerted by the accent, but managed to ask for Mr. Cramer.

"He an' the missus bane vacation," came the Swedish woman's answer. "Come next week . . ."

"Is Mr. Cramer a New Yorker," I asked determined not to waste the nickel.

"Bane out New York now—back next week—yah——"

"Yes—I understand that. What I want to know is, was Mr. Cramer born in the city? Was he born in New York? Does he——"

"No—Mr. Cramer youst go away for rest . . . . No stay. Bane come back next week," insisted the woman.

I hung up the receiver in despair.

Once more I ran thru the telephone book. This time I decided to pick a typical American name—O'Reilly—Peggatti—Silverstien—Swandra—Good Lord! Aren't there any Americans in New York? I gasped, thumbing my way thru the end of the directory. T—T—there were thousands of T's—Surely!

"Ah! THOMPSON—Thompson——That's a good one," I cried, refreshed at the sight of a native name. I picked out Theodore Thompson, with offices on Wall Street and a residence on Riverside Drive. Then I told the operator to buzz his number. There was no answer for a long time. Finally a girl answered.

"Is Mr. Theodore Thompson at home?" I asked politely.

"Yes," came the reply, "Who wishes to speak with him?"

A dumbness came to my tongue for a few seconds. What should I say?

"Tell him Mr. Jones——" I said at last.

"Father says he does not know any Mr. Jones," declared the girl, after repeating my request to her dad.

"He is quite right. But, I only wish to speak to him for a moment—on a—very—very important matter."

Mr. Theodore Thompson came to the phone. His voice was very heavy and authoritative:

"Well, what will you have?" he demanded.

"Are you the Mr. Theodore Thompson who was born in New York City?" I asked, half expecting to be shot over the wire.

There was a deadly silence for what seemed ages. Then I heart Mr. Thompson saying:

"No—NO—You have the wrong number. I was born in Montreal, Canada . . . ." With those words he shut up and hung up.

Irresolute as to what should be the next step in my search I took out a memo pad and hurriedly looked thru my list of friends. I knew them well enough to realize they had all been born far beyond the city limits of Father Knickerbocker's village. Out of a possible seventy-five men and girls there was not one I could count as a real, honest-to-heaven New Yorker. I looked at my watch. It was nearly eleven o'clock. I would have to work fast if I wanted to get anywhere on my assignment.

Disappointed with the first results of my telephone idea I decided to approach the two cigar clerks on the subject. I pushed back the telephone booth's door and went up to the counter.

"Say, were either of you fellows born in New York City?" was my question.

The man nearest to me shook his head.

"I wasn't. I just came in from one of the Providence stores a few days ago. What do you want to find? I've got a map and guide book——"

"That's isn't it," I explained, "I'm trying to find one person that claims to be a regular New Yorker."

"I do," put in the other clerk who had come up to join the conversation.

"What?!!!" I shouted almost throwing my arms around him—"What part of town were you born in?" I asked eagerly, feeling that my search was at an end, and that my job was secure for another week.

"Oh, you got to be born in the city?——I was born at Yaphank, Long Island——"

"Oh hell," I cut in, "I thought there was a joker in the deck——"that won'd do. I want a fellow born right in the city limits."

"I came in town when I was two years old. Lived here since. Ain't that good enough?" he asked, apparently amazed that I didn't consider him a regular New Yorker.

I LEFT the cigar store in disgust. Mingling with the gay, jostling throng I started towards Forty-second Street. A fellow selling toy chickens that made a funny sing-song noise as the air escaped from their rubber bodies caught my attention. There were about two dozen people listening to his sale talk and watching his chickens die on the sidewalk, but no one was buying. When he stopped long enough to get a fresh supply of breath for inflating and spieling purposes I eased up close to him.

"Only twenty-five cents—two bits—brother—take one home to the kiddies——" he started. But I quickly shut off the barking steam.

"I don't want a chicken—not that kind—anyhow——" I said, "But here's a way to make a dollar. I'm a reporter trying to find someone who can prove he is a born New Yorker. No; Brooklyn—Jersey City—won't do. It's got to be New York City from the Battery to the Bronx—Now, I'll give you a buck if you'll tell the crowd that anybody who can prove they were born in New York and lives here gets a chicken free of charge—I'll pay for the chicken too. Is it a go?"

"Gimme the dollar first," said the curb salesman suspiciously.

I passed over a greenback. He scanned it closely and shoved it into his pocket. Blowing up a chicken he held it aloft.

"Gather round me folks . . . . I'm gonna give away one o' these amusin' and highly interestin' pieces o' toy art A-B-S-O-L-U-T-E-L-Y free of charge——"

The crowd immediately increased.

"Free of charge—an' guaranteed to amuse, distract and enlighten you, your kiddies, the family cat an' everybody." He paused to see how that masterful statement would strike them. A couple of flappers way up in the front of the crowd tittered aloud.

"Any man, woman or child who can show me they was born in the City of New York—mind you, the City of New York—not Blackwell's Island—Staten Island—Hoboken—and such places——Yes, Madame the Bronx counts—Now who gets the talking chicken—step up if you were born in this city——"

"Does it count if you were born in the Statue of Liberty?" interrupted one of the flappers.

"Naw—Don't be so fresh—I said the city of New York——"

"Let's go Sadye—the guy is trying to beat his way into the nut house, asking people a question like that," said the inquisitive flapper hooking arms with her tittering companion and pulling her out of the crowd. With their departure a silence came over the gathering.

"I said any man, woman or child, born in New York, living in New York gets a free chicken—right now and here—Ah! here's a New Yorker—Howdy brother—Where did you come to life," asked the chicken man, greeting a little fellow with a prominent nose who had suddenly squirmed up from somewhere.

"I'm a New Yorker," said the man, already reaching out for the chicken . . .

"You got to prove it . . . . What's your name?"

"Isadore Kamowitz," came the answer.

"Humph——that sounds likely," turning to me, "What do you think Boss?"

"Ask him what street he was born on," I said hopefully.

"What street and what house?" demanded the barker.

"It ain't no street yet," answered the self-alleged New Yorker.

"What—you wasn't born on no street," stormed my man. "Well, now maybe you'll tell me you wasn't born in a house like a respectable person? Huh?"

"Not yet a house," replied Isadore mysteriously. "But you give me the chicken for my girlie, little Rachel—I'm born in New York——"

"Where—where?" shrieked the man into Isadore's expectant face.

"On the day my mother gets to New York——on the boat——"

"Git outa here quick—you ain't no New Yorker—youse nothin' but a—— Go on before I call a cop" threatened the man with chickens.

Ten minutes had passed. We were right in the middle of the world—in Times Square, if you know what I mean. And, we hadn't found a real honest-to-God New Yorker yet. I decided to quit the corner and the salesman. A patrolman was coming over at a fast clip to see what was holding up the crowd.

REPORTERS and magazine writers are supposed to be people of ideas, but believe me I was at the end of my string when I started up Broadway again. For three hours I had been hot-footing it through the great canyoned street called Broadway, I had been shouting my voice out into the far night spaces of the Bronx, of Riverside Drive and whatnot, over the invisible telephone wires; and, I had achieved nothing in the way of finding a real New Yorker.

I was down at the mouth and down at the heels. My job was slipping—I could feel it easing through my trembling fingers as I walked along. Of course, there was that one chance that the blonde girl who was to eat spaghetti with me at Tony's might have accidentally bumped into a New Yorker. But, it was sort of foolhardy, after all, to hope for such luck. After all it seemed like just one chance in seven million. The percentage wasn't there!

Absorbed in my own melancholy thoughts I nearly collided with a party of three men and three girls as they bustled out of a taxicab. I made my apologies stupidly enough, and fancied they were wondering up their six pairs of sleeves where I got my hooch, when my eyes recognized the fact that they were all dolled up in evening clothes and seemed bent on some sort of social spree. After extricating themselves from my interfering bulk they all headed for a brilliantly lighted doorway. I read the letters over the entrance.

Of course! It was the Cafe——, a place where allegedly clever people supped and danced after the theater. Why in smoke hadn't I thought of such a place before,—or the Biltmore supper room,—or

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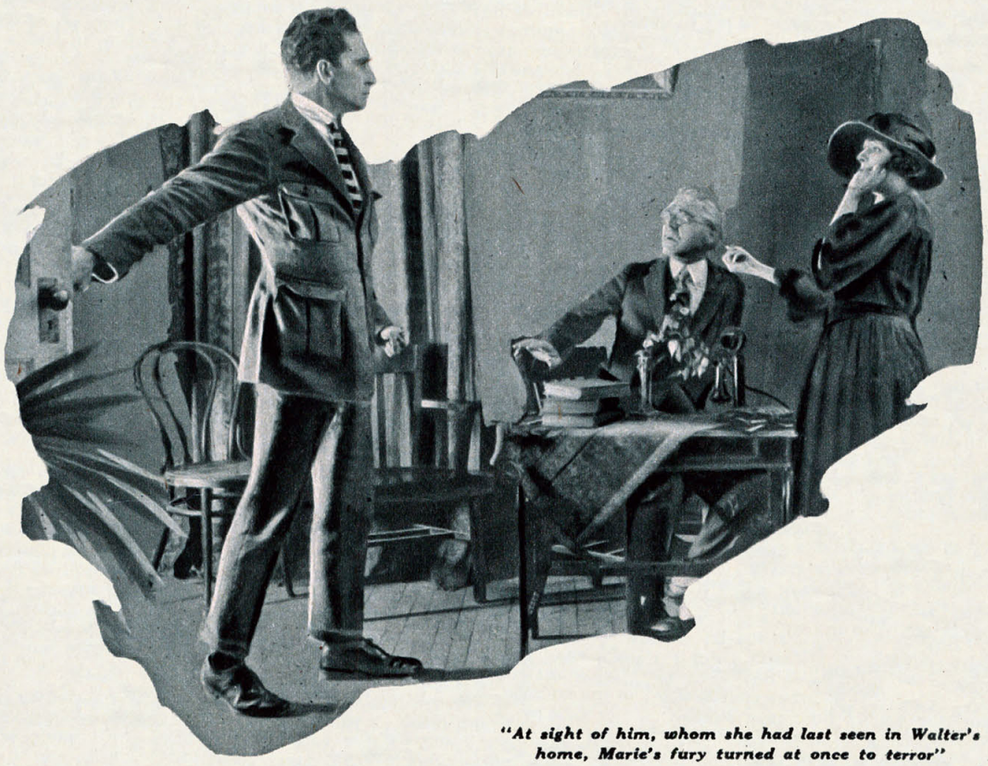
Sold to the Devil

By John R. Coryell



"At sight of him, whom she had last seen in Walter's home, Marie's fury turned at once to terror"

LANE had admitted that Marble was too strong for him, and had acted as if he knew he was beaten and helpless. In fact, it seemed as if the other held all the cards and had the game completely in his own hands. Nevertheless, Lane didn't abandon hope. He had, in playing football, more than once seen victory snatched out of seeming defeat.

Marble, who was in high good humor, rubbed his hands gleefully as he stood in front of his young friend. "I want to say now, Everett," he chuckled, "that I don't really blame you for wanting to help Walters. I have seen Beryl, and I know she's a peach of a girl; and I'd like to see you get her. But really, my boy, I don't see how I can let Jim off. I have known him to turn so many dirty tricks, in so ruthless a way, that I could never square it with my conscience not to squeeze him hard now I have him in a tight place. You know darned well that he would sew me up hard and fast if he got the chance. Eh?"

"I suppose he would. I'm glad you don't harbor any ill will toward me for doing as I have."

"Not a bit, not a bit. And say!" he went on cheerily, "when you come to consider the matter, you'll see that with Jim down and out, your chance to get Beryl will be worth something. As sure as shooting, Jim would double-cross you if he got out of this scrape. He has no conscience at all, that old pirate."

"I think you're a little mistaken about him, Mr. Marble. I believe he'll keep his word. You see he was brought up in a rough school, and learned there that scruples had no place in the war of business."

"Maybe, maybe," agreed Marble, "but it'll be easier for me to find excuses for that old freebooter when I have him down with my foot on his head. He learned in a rough school, and I won't say that business in Wall Street isn't a kind of war. But you know, Everett, even war has its rules."

"Yes," Lane responded, "and one of those rules is not to kill a wounded enemy."

Marble laughed gaily. "Quite right; but don't worry about Jim. He's scared stiff just now, but he's a darned sight cleverer than you think he is; and he'll bob up again, all right. There's a lot of life in that old pirate. My own opinion is that he'll be all the better for a severe lesson. Anyhow, if I get those papers, and it looks as if I would, I'm going to strip him."

"Well," answered Lane stubbornly. "I'm going to help him if I can."

"Do your best, my boy. I'll forgive you if you get the best of me. I like your romantic spirit. I'm a bit romantic myself, you know." He laughed and seated himself, puffing away at his cigar with great enjoyment. He was manifestly not much afraid of the young man.

As for Lane, he was racking his brains for some scheme for either circumventing Marble or thwarting him. The latter's good humor and his ready forgiveness of his failure to live up to his agreement, put the young man more at his ease, and made it easier for him to think. Nevertheless, he could conceive of no way of getting the better of him.

While they waited for the coming of Marie, Marble asked a great many questions about Beryl, betraying a lively interest in the young man's love affair.

Finally he said, "It looks to me as if she was a nice girl. I suppose she takes after her mother."

"Yes," admitted Lane, "I think she must."

"And you haven't the least idea of her feeling for you?"

"I don't believe I am any more to her than a hundred other fellows she knows. Why, I never met her till Saturday afternoon."

Marble chuckled. "But if you fell in love right away, maybe she did too. Why not?"

"Oh, it's a different thing," answered Lane humbly. "It's easy to fall in love with her. I tell you, Mr. Marble—you may laugh if you want to—she's the sweetest, dearest girl in the world. Of course she is beautiful, but it's her wonderful spirit that you think of when you're with her."

"And don't you know," demanded Marble, "that if I let up on Jim, the first thing he'd do would be to throw you out of his office, and the next to forbid you the house? Why, in stripping Jim I'm doing you the greatest service in the world."

"I have a better opinion of him than that."

"You're young," was the instant retort.

THEY were still talking in this way when over the hall telephone came the announcement that a young woman wished to see Mr. Marble.

"Let her come right up. And you, Everett, step into the next room. If she sees you she'll be suspicious of a trap. Oh, you may leave the door on a crack if you're curious to know what goes on; but keep out of here. I trust you to do that."

Lane hesitated, and Marble added, "Only till the papers are out of her hands. After that you may come in if you want to."

"All right," agreed Lane, recognizing the right of the other to ask this much of him. He stepped into the other room; and Marble drew the door to within six inches of being closed. And Lane took his place behind the door, from where he could hear without difficulty.

A few minutes later Marble admitted Marie and ushered her into his sitting room. "You wished to see me?" he asked as if he hadn't the slightest notion of why she was there.

"You are Mr. Marble?" she demanded, studying him carefully.

"I am Josephus Marble."

"What would you give for some papers that would put Mr. Walters in your power?" she asked, without further preamble.

"That's a strange question to ask me," he said with an air of surprise. "Have you any such papers?"

"Yes I have; and I know they would be very valuable to you. What will you give me for them?"

"Wait a moment! What is the nature of these papers? How did they come into your possession?"

"How I got them doesn't matter."

"Yes it does. I might get into trouble by having them in my possession. He didn't give you the papers because you asked him for them, did he? I'm not taking any risks, you know."

She shrugged her shoulders and a scornful smile curled her thin lips. "Oh, I don't mind telling you how I got them. I stole them from Mr. Walters. And by this time he probably knows it. And if he does know it he won't dare to do anything about it. They are papers that make him a criminal. Oh no! I may sell them to whom I please. I came to you because I was told that you hated him and would like to injure him. If you don't want them I can find someone who does."

"Will you let me look at them? If they are what you say, I will give a reasonable price."

"If I let you look at them how do I know you will return them to me? No, I give you my word that with these papers you can make Mr. Walters do what you please; you can bring him to his knees. Let us agree on the price for them first; then you can give me the money and I will give you the papers. If they are not what I say, you can give them back to me. I am in your power here; I cannot get away."

Marble appeared to hesitate. "Very well! how much do you want?"

"Make me an offer."

"No, you have your price. Name it!"

"I think they are worth more, but I will sell them for twenty thousand dollars."

Marble laughed derisively. "Twenty thousand! I will give you one thousand. The papers couldn't be worth more to me."

"I could get more from Walters, himself."

"Perhaps. I don't know. I'll give you two thousand then."

"No, no!" she cried angrily. "You will give me

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ten thousand, or I will go to someone else. If you are not satisfied when you see the papers, you can return them and I will give you back your money."

Lane could not, as he peered through the crack by the hinges of the door, see her face, for she had taken a position with her back to him, and so near that he could have touched her; but he was sure from the tremor in her voice that she was desperately anxious to be rid of the papers; for notwithstanding her confident words, he felt sure that she was mortally afraid of what Walters could do to her with all his money behind him if she did not get rid of them.

"All right! all right!" cried Marble, as if impatient, "under those conditions I will make you out a check for ten thousand. Only if I am not satisfied we are to change back again?"

"Yes, yes," she responded eagerly. "But I want money, not a check. What can a poor girl like me do with a check?"

"You don't suppose I have that much money here, do you? I'll give you a check, and if I keep the papers I'll take you to the bank and have the check cashed."

"You will take your oath to that?"

"Yes, I swear I will."

"All right!"

Marble instantly sat down to a little desk and drew out his check book and began to write. Marie stared at him for a moment as if she could not believe her eyes; then turned her back to Marble and lifted her skirt. After fumbling for a moment she drew from its hiding place a large, manila envelope, dropped her skirt and, holding the envelope behind her, faced Marble again.

Lane, who had stood there puzzling his brains for some way to gain the mastery of the situation, drew a long breath. He had been just about hopeless, but when he saw her standing thus, the desired idea came to him. He stepped softly to the opening of the door, thrust his arm through it and snatched the envelope from her hand.

Marie uttered a wild scream and turned like a tigress to recover her treasure, ready to fight like a wildcat for it. Lane pushed the door wide open and confronted her.

At sight of him, whom she had last seen in Walters home, Marie's fury turned at once to terror. She believed she had been trapped. She turned and flashed one glance at Marble who had risen from his chair at the sound of her scream, and then without a word fled toward the door and out of the apartment.

* * * * *

XIV

THE two men watched her for a moment, and then turned and faced each other. Lane was prepared for an outbreak from the other. What Josephus Marble would be like in anger he could not guess, but he felt that it would be something cold and terrible.

Not a word was spoken until the slamming of the door of the apartment indicated that Marie was gone. Then Marble dropped into an easy chair and began to laugh. And he continued to laugh with manifest enjoyment, while Lane merely stood on the threshold and wondered.

Presently Marble wiped his eyes. "Well played, Everett!" he cried. "Well played, my boy! What's the next move?"

"I didn't break my word to you, Mr. Marble," the young man said. "I didn't come into the room; I only reached in."

"Subtle, subtle," said Marble, shaking his head slowly. "And I was beginning to think you wouldn't do for Wall Street, after all."

"I kept my word to you," protested Lane; "and it was agreed between us that I was free to do my best."

"You'll do, Everett," responded Marble chuckling gaily. "You'll do. If Jim gives you the gate, as he may when he has no more use for you, you know, I'd like you for my secretary. And I thought I had you buffaloed! What's the next move?"

"Look here, Mr. Marble!" Lane cried, "I meant to play fair with you. You've been a mighty good friend to me, and I hate to think it's in your mind that I double crossed you. I want you to like me, and I want you to trust me if you can. Do you really think I haven't been square with you? I wouldn't want you to think that."

Marble broke into another fit of laughter. "To think," he gasped, that a twenty-five year old boy should come from out the West and hang the scalps of Jim Walters and Josephus Marble to his belt! You're some boy, Everett. What about coming to me as secretary?"

It was impossible to resist the financier's jovial badinage; and Lane smiled in spite of himself.

"All right!" he said, seating himself, "as soon as you're through poking fun at me, we'll talk."

"But why shouldn't I poke fun at you when it is I that holds the hot end of the poker? The joke is on me, not on you. But go on and talk. I know you have something interesting to say."

"It is this: I have *carte blanche* from Walters to make terms with you. I suggest that we talk it over together and then go to Walters."

"But my dear boy! I can't make any terms. You hold all the trumps and everything is as it was before."

Lane shook his head. "Walters hasn't these papers; I have them. I will make terms to suit me, and he will have to agree to them. There are terms that will be equitable to both of you."

"Oho!" murmured Marble, studying Lane with a new interest. "You don't mean to throw your advantage away, after all. Good! I think you have the terms all ready. Haven't you?"

"Not in detail, but in general. You see I don't believe Walters is as bad as you think, nor as good as you think I think. My idea is that you and he should pool your interests and work together under a cast-iron agreement. You are cleverer than he is and can see to it that you get a fair deal."

Marble closed his eyes and remained silent for a short space. "Not very attractive, but wise," he said finally. "And your proposition is to take me with you to him and cram me down his throat?"

"Not at all. My proposition is that you go with me to him and make your own terms."

"And you will stand by with the papers to use as a club in case he is obstinate. Is that the idea?"

"No, my idea is that you take possession of the papers. All the credit I will take is that of having coaxed you to agree to make terms instead of insisting on his ruin."

"You will trust me with the papers?"

"I will trust you with anything, Mr. Marble."

Be sure to read "From the Underworld to Fifth Avenue," which begins in this issue. It is one of the truest and most daring "confessions" ever written

"That was finely said, Everett. Give me the papers, then."

Lane handed him the envelope. "Mr. Marble, I hope you won't look at the papers. I think it will be kinder to Walters not to know what is in them; and I think you will work better together if he believes you don't know how bad he has been."

"I would like to look at the papers to verify some suspicions of long standing."

"It is up to you, Mr. Marble."

"All right! I won't look at them. We'll go from here and put the envelope in my box at the safety deposit. Then to Walters. What say?"

"Thank you!"

"But Everett, how would it suit you to let me have the interview with Jim alone? You to wait in the adjoining room."

"That will suit me."

IT was a little after eleven o'clock when Lane, accompanied by Josephus Marble—to the profound amazement of the office—sent their names in to Walters. They were admitted at once.

Lane remained in the outer office, where his own desk was, and Marble went alone to where Jim Walters waited in misery.

"Hello, Jim!"

"Hello, Josephus!"

"I have the papers, Jim, and that very clever young secretary of yours has persuaded me to come and talk the matter over with you. But first I want you to know that I haven't opened the envelope—also a suggestion of Lane's—and that it is in my box at the safety deposit."

Walters' face lighted up and a weight of despair was lifted from his heart. "That's square of you, Marble," he cried.

"I think it's foolish, myself. You wouldn't have done it; would you now, Jim?"

"Perhaps not," admitted Walters.

"Sure not," insisted Marble. "But Lane convinced me that it was the best way. He's a very clever boy, Jim."

"Yes, he is."

"He suggested that you and I might work together instead of fighting each other. Our battle is getting to be sort of a scandal on the Street, and I'm inclined to think we'd make more money and cause a better feeling toward us if we went in for construction instead of so much destruction. How do you feel?"

"It would suit me. What becomes of the papers?"

"They'd better be burned up, I'm thinking. We'll come to some agreement and then into the fire with those papers. Why in the world did you keep them?"

"I've asked myself that question many times, Marble."

"Well, anyhow, we'll bury the hatchet and have a document drawn up. By the way! what do you say if we make young Lane a junior partner in your house or mine?"

"I'd like him with me, Marble if you don't mind. I'll make him a junior partner. I like that boy."

"I like him, too, but I'll let you have him. It's all fixed then, is it? I'll consult my colleagues and you consult yours. Then I'll have a paper drawn up, and we'll sign it."

"Marble," growled Walters suddenly, "I'm damn glad it's turned out this way. I'm tired of fighting you. Shake hands!"

They shook hands with a heartiness that showed how glad they both were to have their war ended.

"What say," said Marble, "if we have Everett in and tell him what we've done?"

"Sure!" agreed Walters. And presently Lane stood in the room, his eyes roving from one to the other.

"We've settled everything in a friendly way, Everett," explained Marble, clapping the young man on the back.

"How'd you like to come in with me as junior partner?" cried Walters jovially.

Lane started. "If you think I'm fit," he answered, flushing.

"I'll take a chance on that," roared Jim Walters

* * * * *

XV

LATER in the afternoon the agreement was signed; and when it became known that Jim Walters and Josephus Marble, from being enemies, had joined forces in friendly alliance, there was a boom on the stock market, though there were the very wise ones who declared the alliance so unnatural that they would not believe it was made in good faith.

The papers were solemnly destroyed by fire in the presence of the three principals; and when the last vestige of them had disappeared in ashes, Marble held out his hand to Walters.

"Everybody happy now, I hope," he said.

"I haven't been so happy in years," Walters replied. "I wonder why I didn't destroy those damn things long ago?"

Marble laughed. "We all do queer things. Some time ask Everett to tell you of the queer and utterly foolish thing he did once. If he won't tell you I will."

"Oh, I'll tell him," interposed Lane. "I can't imagine why I did such a crazy thing; but at any rate it turned out well."

Marble chuckled with great enjoyment. "And all because I'm so romantic. Romance is a great thing, Jim."

"You romantic!" scoffed Walters, thinking of the many hard-fought battles with his new ally.

"Oh, only outside of office hours, Jim;" and the little financier went away laughing.

"There goes the cleverest man on the Street," said Walters; "and I'm damn glad I don't have to fight him any more. But I have another fight on my hands yet; and it's one I don't care for."

"You mean Mrs. Walters?"

"You've said it. Say, Lane! what d'you say to going home with me tonight, and helping me out? She'll be as mad as a hornet. I haven't sent her any word of what's happened."

"I did, this morning."

"What did she say?"

"She wanted to say a great deal, but I didn't feel like talking, so I shut her off. I told her she'd know everything tonight."

"Lord! if I'd said that to her she's have kept the phone bell ringing till she got me again. Yes, you must go home with me."—*(Continued on Page 26)*

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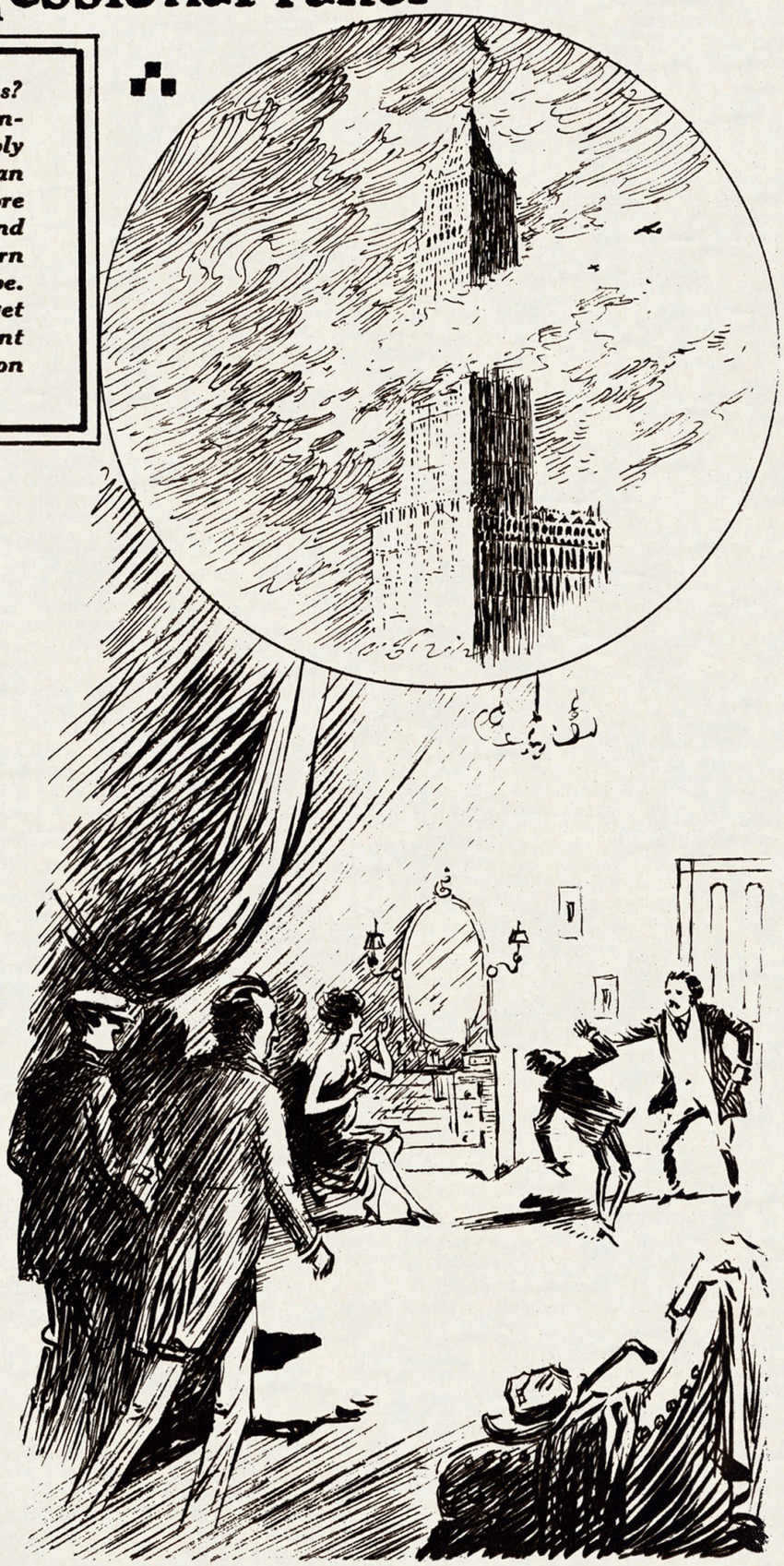
Why I Shall "Fall" No More!

by a Professional Faller

"Have you ever heard of professional fallers? If not, ask some damage claim lawyer to enlighten you. Your curiosity will be amply repaid, for in the whole gamut of human endeavor there is no calling more strange, more daring than this. It illustrates the lengths and depths to which the genus man will go to earn bread and butter."—from the New York Globe. MIDNIGHT has been fortunate enough to get a story from a "faller," verifying the statement of the newspaper both as regards the profession and its decline



I'VE fallen off the Woolworth Building!

Don't get excited. It wasn't one big, final fall that I indulged in, but a thousand little falls—almost every one netting me from two dollars to fifteen hundred dollars, which was the highest price I ever got for pulling a fall. I figure that if my falls were laid end to end, or vice versa, they would amount to more than 750 feet—or the height of the famous Cathedral of Commerce, as Mr. Woolworth was so fond of calling his beautiful high office building on lower Broadway.

My first accident was an accident, I can assure you. It opened my eyes to a profession I subsequently adopted, and by which I became a fairly wealthy man, though I have not practiced it for many years. I have retired, as it were, for reasons you will presently learn.

Some years ago I was walking across Twenty-third Street at Broadway during my lunch hour. My mind was on business, I suppose, but at any rate in crossing the street I failed to notice a big five-ton truck bearing down upon me. The next thing I knew I was lying in the arms of a strange man, who was sousing my face with water. I became conscious of a crowd about me, a policeman entered into the blurred scene, and the ringing of an ambulance bell grated on my ears.

"Well," I said to myself, "I guess I got mine," and then passed out again and knew no more until I woke up on a cot in Bellevue Hospital, with a bandage around my head and my left arm in a sling. My legs were like two pieces of lead, and my head was going 'round and 'round.

"He's coming out of it," I heard a man's voice say, and I turned to face a white-coated figure that smiled down on me.

"You had a close shave, buddy," the man said, laying a cool hand on my brow.

"I guess it was," I managed to answer him. "What happened?"

"Enough," he said, and then he left me.

I was in the hospital three days before they let me go back to my furnished room on Nineteenth Street, where I was laid up two weeks longer with a badly sprained arm, a bruised skull and an assortment of aches, pains and bruises all over my body.

But those two weeks were a turning point in my life!

The second day the landlady brought me up the card of a lawyer named Shaw. I couldn't think what he wanted of me, but he soon enlightened me.

"It was the fault of the driver," Shaw said, "from all I can learn from two people who saw the accident. You can sue the Ball Baking Company for five thousand dollars and get every cent of it."

"Five thousand dollars!" I gasped.

"Yes, sir," he exclaimed. "And I'm the boy that can get it for you! Just put yourself in my hands, and in less than no time you will have five thousand bones in the bank you never thought you'd have."

It seemed too good to be true. I signed some papers he put before me, and he hadn't been gone more than an hour before a Mr. Hennessey called on me and told me that he represented the Ball Baking Company and offered me, in cash, five one hundred dollar bills. Those yellow backs sure did look good. I was four weeks behind in my room-rent. I had the doctor to pay. I owed the druggist around the corner twelve dollars, and all in all, that five hundred flashed in my face was a great temptation.

"Our concern," Mr. Hennessey told me in accents as smooth as oil, "is liberal in these matters. We prefer to pay more than

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Who has the Prettiest Li

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ps on Broadway?

ver—but don't push! These lips have been declared
t in France and America. We are not going to tell
nes of the owners of the lips—we are not even going
vhich of them are French and which American. Pick
urself; it should not be too hard. In some future
y print the names—and then you can tell how close
you came to guessing

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Find a New Yorker in New York

(*Continued from Page 12*)

the Ritz——? Those were places where some of the dyed-in-the-hair New Yorkers must foregather for an evening's entertainment.

I followed the suave, well-groomed young men and their alluring partners into the Cafe——. Later, I selected a table near this party. Almost the first words I heard from the prettiest girl in the crowd were:

"Reggie, you won't forget, that the last train to Montclair is——"

"Oh Patricia—you suburbanites are always worrying about that last train——" complained Reggie.

"Well, remember you used to do a marathon after that last train only a few months ago . . . . Honestly, since you took an apartment here in town——"

"Oh—they are all the same my dear—New Yorkers you know—Well, I have to get to Dobb's Ferry by three or mother will have a fit—and, Harry here has got to motor on to Peekskill," said the girl next to Patricia.

"If we only lived in town!" sighed the other girl, who I learned later lived out on Long Island. One of the men was from some little one-horse town in Indiana. Marion, I believe he said.

From a table behind me floated this choice bit of intelligence concerning the nativity of another party.

"Do you like New York, Mrs. Harrington?"

"Love it, my dear—love it—You are so fortunate to have moved here. I envy you to death. Witchita is simply dead—dead——" wailed Mrs. Harrington.

"I find the city very boring at times," said a deep-voiced man at the Harrington table. "Often wish I was back in the open spaces—I haven't had a chance to return to Nevada since I came East ten years ago."

"I guess we all love contra t after a while," said Mrs. Harrington. "There is a lady at my hotel, a Mrs. Hoyt from Omaha, who comes on and spends three months a year here. She gets to loathe New York more every year for living purposes . . . ."

I heard these words as if each and every one was an edict of damnation for me. I got up and started for the door. There was no use. New Yorkers were figments of the imagination. The editor was right, born-and-bred New Yorkers didn't exist.

As I neared the entrance to the men's check room I spotted a man of about forty sitting at a table alone. He was in dinner clothes and presented a very blasé appearance. As I neared his table he poured a golden fluid out of a silver flask. The thing was done very nonchalantly—very cleverly.

I stopped in my tracks. There was a New Yorker! No less than a New York man could have done such a thing so grandly—so utterly oblivious of the fact that he was breaking the Volstead law—an-out-of-town man would have done it nervously—Again, I told myself none but a New Yorker could sit at a table indifferent as he was to all of the appealing music, the enchantment of the soft lights, and the beauty and stunning costumes of the women!

"I beg your pardon sir," I began bending over his table, "But may I ask if you are a New Yorker?"

"A New Yorker?" repeated the man ironically, "Not by a damned sight . . . . I'm from California, and believe me I wouldn't be a New Yorker dead . . . . This is the damndest place to come to in God Almighty's universe. I've been here five days and haven't met a soul to speak to but the hotel bell-boys, the barbers and all the rest of that tip-begging gang of thieves who bow and scrape and hold out their hands—I——"

His flow of words almost stalled my voice. But I managed to interrupt him at that point.

"My dear sir, I am tremendously sorry you find New York such an inhospitable, lonesome city . . . . I don't know just what to say . . . . Not being a New Yorker myself——"

"By God there aren't any—this is a town of gadding-about fools like myself—and outsiders who have come here to make money——" exploded the man. "Here have a drink, I don't care if you're from the sands of Sahara or the salt mines of Siberia—sit down—and have something. You are the first human being I've run into since getting off my train . . . . "

I sat down. But I did not take a drink. I never do. It is one of my eccentricities. I told him my story.

"Well, let us go over to Tony's and meet the young lady. I am simply going to butt in on this party. It's the only way I can find company. Do you mind?"

He was a likable chap and so I told him to play along.

WE came to Tony's a few moments later. It is not a gilded prandial palace. It is one of those places known as a table d'hote restaurant. However, Tony's has atmosphere—and a reputation. It does not matter that the atmosphere is strongly scented with garlic and onions. Neither does it matter if Tony's reputation as a good spaghetti factory has been more or less established by the announcements in his windows. These cards advertise the fact that it is real Italian spaghetti and special sauce, prepared in the genuine way by no less a person than Tony himself who learned the spaghetti trade in sunny Italy.

What spaghetti lover could resist such a lure?

The first time I passed by and read the cards I went in and believe me I was well rewarded. The spaghetti at Tony's completely intrigued and fascinated me. But then, why not? Any man who had learned his trade in the old country ought to be a wonder. Tony certainly was!

Tony's place was very quiet. In fact the only noise was that of three Italian patrons who ate their spaget out aloud. One of the trio also insisted on wearing some of the stuff all over the bosom of his shirt.

My new found friend from Dry Gulch, California sat down with me at a rear table. Tony himself approached to serve us. We did not order, however, preferring to wait for the girl.

She was five minutes late and very downcast.

"I am a poor story getter, or else there aren't any such people as real New Yorkers," she said, after acknowledging the introduction to the man from Dry Gulch.

"You're as good as I am," I answered, a tragic smile playing around my lips. "I haven't found the missing link either——" My last words amounted to groans.

Tony, standing near, must have heard and understood that something was desperately wrong, for he began to fidget around while taking our orders.

"Whatsa da mat? Meester——" he said to me at last. Tony knew me fairly well. "You gotta a sada look tonight? You maka trouble?"

"No Tony. I don't make trouble. Somebody made it long ago. I'm just getting the tail end of trouble I guess. Fact is I'm going to lose my job—that is I think so."

"Losa da job—how come?"

"The boss told me to find a fellow who was born in New York—get me?"

"No," answered Tony dumbly. "No getta you."

"Well, you see I had to write a story about finding a regular New Yorker—and we've hunted all night with no results—Nobody was born in New York. They all came her like you did—Like I did. You came from Italy. I came from Florida——"

"Now I gotta your drift—now—Sure ting—New York fella—humph—No finda, eh? Losa da job—bada biz Meester——," said Tony, scratching his head, as if to stir his thoughts and mind into rapid action. Suddenly he stopped in the act and turning swiftly scanned the door, his place and us.

"Coma wid me—SSHhhh——," he whispered dramatically as well as mysteriously. He started for the kitchen. We followed. Up a dark pair of steps he led us. We went up three flights before coming to a pause in front of a shut door.

"Waita minoot," he said softly as he pushed the door in. A light flared up in the chamber which was a potpourri of bedroom and living room. "Nobody homa—come in," he invited.

We filed into the room.

After locking the door securely Tony faced us, his face lighted with a happy smile.

"Giva me your word nobody tell anybody what I say now?" he asked.

Mum was the word, we promised.

"Meesta—you no losa da job now," asserted Tony.

"Why?" I asked, bewildered by all of the strange stuff Tony was pulling.

"Because——" his voice throttled down to a whisper.

We all inclined our heads, straining our ears to catch the words.

"Because——" Tony repeated "I'ma born in New York——I'ma——"

"You?" we chorused incredulously.

"Me—Tony Raviola—I'm born on Mulberry Street—thirty year ago——"

"But, you come from Italy—you—the spaghetti cards——" I began.

"No—no—bigga bluffa to getta da biz—No been to Italy—Born on Mulberry Street——" he said triumphantly.

"Shake, Tony," I said gratefully, putting out my hand. As he took it my wine turned to vinegar.

"But, Tony, your being a New Yorker won't save my job. I promised not to mention it." I cried.

Silence for a moment.

"Oh, whatsa the diff? Sava da job. Tella da boss—tella da peepole," he said, shrugging his shoulders . . . .

Why I Am a Spendthrift

(*Continued from Page 11*)

week. I never wear a pair of shoes more than a week. I like to look neat.

"Once I came pretty near being robbed. It was a woman who did it. I picked her up at some street corner, gave her a ride in my car then took her to a fashionable restaurant for dinner. During the meal she kept looking at one of my rings—a particularly gorgeous diamond.

" 'Let me see how it feels to wear it, Marty!' she pleaded, so I handed it over to her to try it on. A few moments later she excused herself, saying she was going to the ladies' room. She never came back. Well, I liked that ring so much that I spent almost $3,000 on detectives locating it. Finally, it was found in a pawnshop and I redeemed it. The girl was found too, but I didn't prosecute her. I'm too good-hearted. I only told her what a damn fool she was. If she had wanted money all she would have had to have done was ask for it, and she could have had the earth. Now, she'll never get a cent out of me."

Broadway women—in fact, most women—are anathema to Diamond Marty. "I take 'em around and give 'em a good time, but I don't trust 'em at all. They're much worse than Broadway men. In fact, they're absolutely unscrupulous. They take everything they can get and ask for more, but they don't know what loyalty means. All they want is money—money—money. They're always looking for suckers, and when they find them, they don't give 'em any peace 'till they leave 'em busted. Once in a long time, a Broadway girl does fall in love—and then she'll beg, borrow or steal for the man. But usually, the man's a criminal of some sort, who uses her only for what he can get out of her, and she's preying on the rest of his sex, to get things for him. It's a rotten bunch. A Broadway sport has a lot of so-called friends—thousands of them. But he never has a real pal—a fellow he can trust. I know."

ASKED why he has never married, since he is lonely in spite of his mob of friends, Diamond Marty replied that he has learned his lesson by watching the antics of his friends' wives. "Why I don't know one married woman in the whole crowd who hasn't deceived her husband—and you can believe me I know whereof I speak. And it isn't for money, either, because most of my friends are pretty rich. No, the women don't make any excuses for themselves. They're always looking for excitement, or change, or don't care what happens to them. They take everything their husbands provide—and don't feel any gratitude, even if the man slaves for them. They take it as their right, somehow, and behind the back of the man who does everything for them, are carrying on with someone else. Not for me."

The ordinary woman, who has lived far from the lure of Broadway, does not escape Diamond Marty's censure. "They all fall," he says, "and if there's one who hasn't yet, it's just because her price wasn't named. But you can buy any one of them. A man's best bet, really, if he must get married, is to pick a woman out of the gutter. Somebody no one else will have. Somebody who's sunk so low that there's no hope for her. Then, after that, there's a chance she'll be grateful to the man who took her out of her shame and she might even be loyal to him. Otherwise, the thing's too sure.

"Personally, I don't care enough about women to want to settle down with one. I've been disillusioned. I was in love once myself. It happened this way. About a year ago I met a little shop-girl. It was at my down-town bank. I was going to put some diamonds into my vaults, when I saw this little girl depositing some money for the pay-check of her firm. I found out that she came every Tuesday, so I made it my business to appear at the bank on Tuesdays myself. After a few weeks, I got into conversation with her, and asked to take her home. I don't believe she ever sat in an automobile before in her life—but I put her into my

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No Robbery

A yarn that will make you gasp and chuckle. O. Henry himself, may his shade rest in peace, never wrote a better one.

By
William F. McMorrow

CAUTIOUSLY, with the cruel deliberation of a cat advancing on a heedless bird, Harrigan rose from his crouch in the black shadow of the board fence and advanced toward the house wall.

For a moment he listened alertly to the night-noises penetrating the apartment-house yard from the adjoining streets and then leaped for the hanging ladder of the fire-escape and scrambled lithely to the first landing.

When the roar of a starting automobile motor covered him he lifted powerfully on the jimmy which he had thrust under a window-sash. He raised the window and stepped into the room.

"Phew!" he grunted. "Gas!"

The thin beam of his flash-light settled on the open jet of the cheap lighting-fixture on the wall.

"They put another quarter in the meter and forgot the gas was turned on here," he diagnosed. He turned off the jet and returned quickly to the fire-escape until the atmosphere of the room was cleared. It had been heavy enough to make him slightly dizzy because of the few shallow breaths he had drawn in it.

He re-entered the room and set to exploring it. The patch of light from his torch flitted about with the irresponsibility of a brilliant butterfly, hovering over a straight chair and a chiffonier and a framed print, and then crawling over a brass bedstead. It ascended to the pillow.

He snapped it off silently, though his heart had thumped heavily. The beam had shown the face of a woman almost within arms reach.

He stood perfectly still, listening open-mouthed for sounds from the woman on the bed. A smothered moan reached his ears. He edged toward the open window, hesitated with one foot on the sill and then tiptoed back to the bed and switched his flash-light on again.

The thin pencil of light that wavered from his hand limned in sharp black and white the pinched features of a girl in the early twenties. Her eyes were closed. One fragile hand clutched at the neck of her dress. Disordered hair lay in serpentine coils of black against the whiteness of the linen.

He bent over her and then straightened up at the sound of a shuddering sigh.

Her eyes fluttered open. His hand shot forward and covered her mouth.

"Keep quiet, lady," he commanded. "I ain't going to do you no harm. Easy now."

Her eyes gazed upward at Harrigan in dazed fixity. The hand that lay on her breast moved feebly toward his as though to resent the gag. He removed his hand.

"I guess you don't intend to kick up no fuss. Don't worry, lady. I'm on my way."

She struggled toward a sitting position but fell back on the pillow.

"What was it?" she gasped. "Yes, now I—Oh, my God!"

"What do you want, lady? Wait! I'll light the gas. I think you're pretty sick."

Harrigan struck a match but held it away from the gas-jet while he looked over his shoulder at her keenly.

"Remember now," he said gruffly, "I'm trying to help you. I could just as soon left you lay there to croak,—so no funny business."

He tiptoed back to the bed and switched his flash-light on again. The thin pencil of light that wavered from his hand limned in sharp black and white the pinched features of a girl in the early twenties

Suppose you were a hard-working, self-respecting burglar, and you had entered a lady's bedroom in the usual course of your business! And suppose you found said lady "trying to check out by the gas route?" What would you do? Egged on by his lady love, the burglar in this tale—but you'd never guess; better read about it

Her eyes closed from sheer weakness. In the light of the gas flame Harrigan saw a drinking glass on a shelf over a wash basin. He filled the glass with water and carried it to the bed.

"Here," he said, touching her shoulder, "It's a helluva bracer but its all you've got here."

SHE opened her eyes and raised herself slowly on one elbow.

"Now," Harrigan counseled, "you rest up there. Next time, lady, don't forget to turn the gas off at night."

Her eyes were clearer now and the color had returned to her thin cheeks. She was a good-looking dame, he gave her that. Not that she could hold a candle to his Minnie. Minnie had more sense than to leave the gas on.

The girl gathered her dress together at the neck.

"Who are you?" she asked.

"Let's skip the introductions," said Harrigan. "Gosh, lady, what do you care? Maybe I just dropped in to sell you tickets to the Police Games. Take another sup of this like a good girl."

She pushed the glass aside.

"Why didn't you leave me alone?" she sobbed. "Oh, why did you bring me back to this again?"

"Whadd'ye take me for?" Harrigan exclaimed wrathfully. "Did you think I was going to let you die?"

He stopped abruptly and pushed his black derby hat back from his forehead, screwing up his mouth thoughtfully. Then he sat down heavily on the chair by the bed.

"Say, kid," he whispered in a voice tinged with awe. "Was you doing the Dutch act sure enough? You mean you was trying to check out by the gas route?"

She nodded, dabbing her eyes with the edge of the pillow.

"Well, I'll be jiggered," he muttered. "You must have been out o' luck to try that. What was biting you? Are you out of luck or what?"

He extracted a shapeless plug of tobacco from his

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No Robbery

vest pocket, brushed it against his coat and worried a piece off with his teeth.

"What was the big idea?" he asked.

"I was tired," she whispered. "Tired."

Harrigan winked.

"You mean some handsome, slick-talking guy with a winning smile and grease on his hair promised to marry you——"

"No—no."

"Kind of fascinating guy," Harrigan pursued, confidently. "Sings in cabarets. Works the subway during rush hours. Some of them cake-eaters is great leather-grabbers. I knew one who was doing time for dipping into the wrong pocket in Times Square."

He paused to scowl at the floor.

"One of them sweet-smelling babies turned me off to the cops one time," he concluded, sourly.

He arose.

"I guess I'll be on my way now," he explained, consulting a gold watch from an inner pocket, "You're all right now, aren't you? Hot dog! It's near nine o'clock. There's a man been waiting on the corner for me for hours."

"And he'll wait some more too," he continued in a lower tone. "Damn his brass buttons."

HE set his hat straight on his head and pointed a forefinger at the drooping figure on the bed.

"Now listen to me, sister. My business ain't giving advice. But you brace up and lay off that suicide stuff. Take a tip from me and don't let nothing get your goat. Work fast and quiet, don't load down wid cheap plate and don't quit till they got the handcuffs locked on you. That's my advice to you."

She frowned in a puzzled way. Harrigan's back was to her. He had just picked from the chiffonier a sealed envelope from whose corner protruded a few links of a gold chain.

"Excuse me, lady," he said politely, "but I think I heard you say you was not broke."

"No, I am not—broke."

"Glad to hear it," he said, gratulatingly. And he dropped the weighted envelope into his pocket. He hoped it was something nice. Tomorrow was Minnie's birthday and Minnie expected something nice.

He swung himself lightly through the window. A quick glance above and below showed him that the road was clear. He poked his head through the window again, to say farewell.

"I'm a revenue agent, lady," he whispered, with a grin that the darkness covered. "Keep it quiet! I'm watching some guys in this house that are making their own. So long!"

He climbed swiftly down to the apartment-house yard and hurried to merge his slinking shadow with the shadow of the board fence. He ran to the end of the fence and through the long alley that led to the street. A studious survey of the doorways on the opposite side, and he strolled forth into the radiance of the street lamp.

Five minutes later he was apologizing to Minnie on a Columbus Avenue corner. He was out of breath and had palpably been making all speed to keep his appointment, but Minnie was not easily appeased. She was a well-favored blonde, young, straight as a string in the technical sense, and if she wished she could have readily found other suitors than a burglar, even an industrious and ambitious burglar such as was Harrigan. And it was ten minutes after nine; two reels were gone of the feature picture which she had come forth to see. And it was her birthday; this fact, which one would think should incline her to be gracious, had rankled with her all day, and was the immediate cause of her commanding Harrigan's presence on that Columbus Avenue corner.

She listened coldly to his apologies. She was waiting for something else; it was her birthday, and birthdays, unlike Christmas, do not come once a year for ladies. But now Harrigan was heeled.

"I got something nice for you, Minnie."

"Oh," she cried, soft and forgiving.

He handed her the sealed envelope from which dangled the golden loop of chain.

"What is it?" she asked, toying with a delicious sense of expectancy.

"Give a look."

She tore the envelope open, and had a look; Harrigan had one too,—he was equally curious though he had not thought it necessary to mention the fact to Minnie. From the heft of the envelope and the feel of the enclosure he had believed that he was about to present a lady's miniature watch to the girl of his heart.

But it was not a watch. It was a locket, such a little lover's keepsake as is made to hold within golden walls the faded rose-leaves of dear romance. To the god of thieves prayed Harrigan now that the treasure-house was empty. He wanted very much to cross his heart and swear to Minnie that this once, in honor of the day, he had given up for her gift real money.

SHE pressed the catch and opened the locket. There were two photographs within; one was that of a gentleman, smiling and debonair; the other, equally joyous, was that of the young lady whom Harrigan had snatched from the brink of suicide a short half-hour before.

"Say!" There was acid in Minnie's voice.

"Well, what dy'e know about that!" blustered Harrigan, who had to go through with it. It was this way, Minnie. You see——"

MIDNIGHT specializes in startling confessions. Next week we will print one that will make you catch your breath in wonder. Watch for it

But Minnie had turned her shapely back. By the light from a cigar-store window she was reading the letter which had accompanied the locket in the envelope. Harrigan pulled at his collar, whistled a tentative bar of music, and wracked his brain for an excuse to carry the affair off handsomely. The envelope had been such a cheap manila thing as jewelers use to hold small articles of ornament entrusted to them for repair; it bore an address, but such receptacles ordinarily do; Harrigan had leaped to his conclusion regarding it. He was a man impatient of thought.

He opened a penknife. "Let me fix it for you, Min," he said lamely.

She swung around on him. "Do you think I would take a thing like that? I wouldn't keep that thing if it was covered with diamonds as thick as warts! Nice present to give a poor girl on her birthday—a regular jinx."

"Bad luck, is it?" he breathed affrightedly.

She thrust the letter and the locket back into the manila envelope. "Couldn't be worse. If that thing ain't a jinx I'll pick my next luck-piece off a dead man's eyes. Gee! But now you got it and it's up to you to get rid of it and you'd better watch your step!"

"Give me the blame thing."

"Whadd'ye going to do with it?"

"Chuck it down the sewer."

"No you ain't," she said decidedly. "Not so long as you're keeping company with me. You got it now, and there ain't only one thing to do with it, and that is to bring it where she wanted it to go. Gosh! Maybe she's watching us right now!"

"Where?" exclaimed Harrigan, looking over his shoulder.

"Don't do that," chided Minnie. "You gimme the creeps! There's the address on the envelope, you bonehead. Get it there as fast as God will let you, and don't come next or near me again until I know that that poor girl can rest!"

She left him in the lobby of the ten-cent movie theatre, after arranging to meet him in the last row of seats, and warning him not to approach her too abruptly in the dark or she would scream right out.

He walked away much impressed. She entered the theatre, her mind occupied with the contents of the letter which had said that the writer was even then in the Great Beyond. She sniffled and carefully touched the corners of her eyes with her handkerchief.

"Poor girl," she murmured. "Poor, poor girl. Ain't men the regular devils!"

Harrigan hurried to the address on the envelope, a flat-house of the cheaper class just off Amsterdam Avenue. He found Mr. Rivette's name-plate in the hallway and pressed down long on the button of Mr. Rivette's bell and whistled and shouted through the speaking-tube. Mr. Rivette was out or was inattentive, but Harrigan dared not return to his Minnie without a full and satisfactory explanation of his failure to deliver the envelope. He pressed the bell of another tenant on the same floor as Mr. Rivette, and the door to the main hall of the house clicked and unlatched itself compliantly.

"Who is it?" cried a female from above as he was ascending the stair.

"I'm looking for Mr. Rivette," explained Harrigan.

"He's gone out to a wedding."

"Where?"

"Wait a minute. He left an address in case anything came for him tonight."

"Number 502 Riverside Drive," she called down a moment later. "Go right over there, young man, and ask for Mr. Rivette."

GRUMBLINGLY, Harrigan returned to the street and bent his steps toward Riverside Drive. He was tempted to pursue his original plan and to throw the confounded envelope and its contents into the gutter, but he feared Minnie's powers of cross-examination. Each man has his vulnerable spot; Harrigan's Achillean point was his fear of Minnie.

Number 502 Riverside Drive, an old-fashioned brownstone mansion set back from the building-line behind tall iron railings, was in festive guise tonight. Banked flowers framed its ancient doorway through which bright light was streaming. The great doors were opened and fastened back; beyond them were to be seen two footmen in costume and a hovering butler, and beyond again ladies and gentlemen in evening dress. It was a festive occasion; Miss Thorndyke, daughter of the house, was giving her fair hand in marriage to Mr. Launcelot Rivette, confidential clerk of her father, James Brinton Thorndyke, the fat man. Fat, as used here, refers to the material substance of Mr. Thorndyke's vast business and not to his physical habit; Mr. Thorndyke is thin and stately but he supplies the wherewithal for fine French soaps and facial creams to most of the proudest manufacturers of the East.

Harrigan approached. It had long been his cherished dream to gain access to a mansion such as this, but now diffidence attacked him; he had hoped that the event would be attended with less publicity. When shy it was Harrigan's way to stiffen his upper lip and swagger; he pulled his derby hat down over one eye; cocked his ragged cigar toward the depending brim, and swaggered up to the brilliant doorway with the exterior aplomb of an auctioneer come to sell the place out, lock, stock and barrel.

"Is there a party called Rivette here?" he demanded briskly, clapping his hand to his head to forestall the reaching footman.

"Thanks, bo. I don't want to check the lid."

"Go around to the entrance on the side street, my man," said the butler speaking in a repressed voice that was intended to repress Harrigan. "This is the wrong door."

Harrigan glanced aside at the wrought bronze numerals attached to the ivied stone.

"Not if there's a party called Rivette here," he repeated, sticking to his guns.

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How Elinor Glyn gets that way

Also what happened to Jack Barrymore

At the extreme left is Elinor Glyn herself, probably doping out her income tax. Closer to this side are Jack Barrymore—out of character—and his wife, who goes by the pen name of Michael Strange

Madame Pythagoras continues to add up the letters in celebrities' names this week, and to subtract their characters from the total

"WE have with us this evening" as the Chairman of the Podunk Political Push would say, two persons of note—persons who have done things.

Meet Elinor Glyn, novelist and Jack Barrymore, actor.

We'll consider the woman's case first—just as it used to be in the good old days before woman's suffrage and the subway.

Elinor is she of the hectic "Three Weeks," which has, we believe, extended into several years.

Also, she is charged with having written a lurid "One Day," but to this, we are given to understand, she pleads "not guilty." And we believe her. If she had written it, she would doubtless have set the clock along a matter of twelve hours—with one canny eye on the box office receipts, and called it "One Night," or better, "One Midnight." Then there is the little matter of her latest offense "Man and Maid." But why continue? We are not here to dig up the fair Elinor's past—merely to disclose how and why she does it.

It's all there—all down in so many vibrations—just like the grocer's bill you've often tried to dispute, and couldn't. To do her justice there isn't much that Mrs. Glyn denies anyway.

I once heard a girl say that she "just adored Elinor Grin's novels"—yes that's what she said—Elinor Grins. We'll bet she does too, every time she gets another ton of checks for the royalties on her books. Elinor just simply reeks with double threes—which is six. Everything she does, she doubles on it. Steps on the gas twice, being a double-three not merely once as would an ordinary "three."

The plethora of sixes merely proves that Elinor Glyn is clever. She is six times cleverer than any publisher who has the courage to print her. She can think faster and in bigger figures, in broader language and more inclusive terms than any writer of this era. The Elinor of her is responsible for that. She "Elinors" up to a double three, which being subdued, for purposes of publication, amounts to a six.

Then the Glyn of her vibrates to a nine. You'd think, of course, that the Glyn being so much shorter wouldn't vibrate so long—sure! that's what the uninitiated always think.

"Just do my name," they'll say. "It only has five letters, that won't mount up to more than two."

But, nevertheless and howsomever, Glyn is a nine. If you read last week's MIDNIGHT, you know what nines do—they finish things. Sometimes they finish people—as in the case afore-mentioned. Yes, it is undoubtedly true that Elinor Glyn and Clare Sheridan are "sisters under their skin." However, nines are something more than mere finishers. Technically, in occult language, nine means fulfillment. That too stands for Fate—nines are fatalists, and they are dominated by fate. Of course it makes a good alibi too, but just the same don't blame nines for what they do—they can't help it. "By-the-same-token" as Elinor's grandmother would probably say—assuming that the author of "Three Weeks" is Irish, like all the other clever English people—by-the-same-token, nines don't deserve any great amount of praise for what they do, or whom.

Now, since Elinor counts up to six and Glyn to nine the sum of their vibrations becomes another six. Unless Mrs. Glyn's "Path of Life" is a decided block and antidote and barrage and everything—she wins.

Don't try to interfere with her vibrations; she's a cleverer woman than you are—Dunka Gin.

YES, ma'am, the next victim *is* John Barrymore—none other than he.

"Handsome Jack" would have been his sobriquet if he had deigned to honor the Brotherhood of Midnight Marauders with his efforts. But he didn't. He took to the stage as being safer and more in line with his natural inclinations. That is, if one goes by his ancestry. Barrymore is another one of those fatalists. He can't do very much on his own account. Destiny sort of has her Delilah-like grip on him. He plans and plans and is an actor still—to misquote Shakespeare.

John vibrates to eight—the same as Mary. Maybe that's why the names always seem to go together. Be that as it was, eights are always rich—

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or they want to be. *Cela dependre*, which is to say—well, just what it says. We took it from the dictionary. If the rest of their vibrations back them up, eights will arrive. Whether they travel by an improved Franklin or merely by means of a metal Elizabeth—all depends upon the other cards in the hand they hold. Numerology, like a clever card dealer, always has an extra vibration up her sleeve. She may use it for or against you.

But, all things being equal, unless John has a terrible drawback in his Path of Life—he is in line for wealth, honors and position. These will be awarded him, not because of his own efforts so much as because Fate has so ordained it.

There are no very practical vibrations in sight in Mr. Barrymore's make-up, and the name "Jack" by which we understand he is called by his intimates, merely aggravates that. If he wants to get a vast amount of wealth—I'd advise him to stick to the John. It is a strange and significant fact that no devil-may-care, reckless spendthrift sort of a chap is ever called "John" by his intimates. That sort of a character doesn't vibrate to dignified, powerful—John.

But "Jack!" Don't you just love it? "Jahck," you say it! Jack suggests just such a person as the name vibrates to—a five. A five is one of those delightful, charming, "dual-personality" individuals.

One day they are serious, hard-working, reliable as a Big Ben. "But you know all the time that they don't mean it. You can feel those "Aw, say, let's-have-a-good-time" vibrates wiggling away under the restraint. They're bound to break loose later on—so you stick around and wait confidently.

So, there you are. It is Jack-John Barrymore, or it is John-Jack Barrymore—just as you happen to be an intimate, or merely an acquaintance of the youngest of the good-looking Barrymores—the "aristocrats of the stage."

S.B.: Your first name figures up to a one; this means a creative, individualistic nature. You have your own particular way of thinking and doing. Your second name figures out a six. Mental power and broad sympathies; a quick intellect, and a deep love nature. Together they sum up a seven. This means that your originality and creative power will we submerged under the power of fate—unless circumstances—indicated by your Path of Life, aids you. But your dominant vibration is the philosophic, artistic and romantic. You are not naturally practical. Your practical ability is due entirely to your good sense and excellent judgment. You should marry an eight—that would balance your vibrations and bring you success.

Regina Cannon: Yes, Reggie, you do vibrate to your fate. Your first name is a seven; that means that you are artistic and literary. You are romantic, sensitive and yes—even religious.

But!—of course you'd know there was a "but"—your last name is so shaken up with three's that you'd make fun of your own funeral. Threes all do that. Charlie Chaplin is a three. Then the two names sum up to a ten; that also is a self-starter. There's nothing you like better than to "start something." Not only do you start, but you finish things—and people. This you do because your Path of Life is a nine—according to the numbers supplied. You are one of those whom Fate loves to make a shining mark of—you and Jack Barrymore.

You should have more heart than to marry anybody, but if you must make somebody's life miserable—choose one who vibrates to a five.

M. H. K.: I am not surprised that you "don't make a success." Your first name-vibrations count up to a five; you are too changeable, and unreliable.

Your second name-vibrations are rather better, being a four; but inasmuch as your last name also vibrates to a five, the four fails to give stability—it merely makes you stubborn in your unreliability. Change the spelling of your first name. Drop your middle name altogether. Work out your vibrations until you have a combination that will include a six or a ten. You did not enclose your birth date so I can not tell you your "Path of Life" vibration. That is important if you are serious in your desire to be helped. If you are merely curious to see how Numerology works out—it does not so much matter.

Horace: Your name vibrates very happily. You should be successful in business, largely through your cheerfulness and the ability to make friends. The "two" in your name is good, because the three balances it; the sum of all the numbers is nine—nines are the people who finish what they begin—they generally accomplish a great deal—though they lack the wealth-getting vibration. Marry an eight—if you are not already married. If you are—see if her name counts up to an eight—with Path of Life also, and if not, change the spelling to make eight if possible.

Have we got your number? If not, send in your name and date of birth if desired—and let Madame Pythagoras mathematize your vibrations.

Address:

Madame Pythagoras
"MIDNIGHT"
The Macfadden Publications
119 West 40th Street
New York City.

Why I am a Spendthrift

(*Continued from Page 18*)

Rolls-Royce and took her out to the slums of Brooklyn where she lived. She was a good girl, and made me stop the car a block away from the door so that her parents wouldn't be worried when they saw her with a rich man.

"Well, I investigated the girl's story, and found that she slaved for a few dollars a week, and that her parents were very poor, living in a squalid tenement of the worst sort. The girl looked so sweet and good, that I fell in love with her immediately, and wanted to help her—but I didn't want to hurt her pride, so I did everything secretly at first. I bought up the house where she lived, and appointed her father janitor at a good salary. I spoke to her boss, and had her promoted, paying the difference in wages myself. Finally I proposed to her and, when she accepted, bought her a magnificent trousseau. I gave her everything her little heart desired—clothes, diamonds, cars. I warned her about life—took her around with me—introduced her to my friends as my future wife. She was treated like a queen. Then, one day, one of the men I go out on parties with came to me and told me not to marry the girl. She was no good. I almost killed him. But he proved to me that he was telling me only out of friendship. In spite of everything I had done for that ingrate, she had lived with one of my friends—even though she didn't love him. You can believe me, that experience cured me. Marriage! I should say not!"

PAYING great sums for liquid and non-liquid refreshment is not, however, Diamond Marty's only method of disposing of his surplus. Charity is one of the ways he rids himself of the lucre that accumulates to his account regularly, and he wants to go on record as saying that he is open to every and all demands. Any worthy person—and he doesn't have to prove his worthiness—who needs cash, need only apply to the King of Broadway to get it.

"I give thousands monthly to organized charity, of course," Diamond Marty says, 'and my mail is full of requests for loans, but it is personal charity that interests me most. I like to see my money help people, and if I can give a starving family food and a cold human being clothing and shelter, I get much more fun out of it than just writing a check to an institution. This winter I'm going to try to get the permission of the authorities to buy up tons and tons of coal and deposit it, in huge mounds, on East Side streets. Then the poor can come along with their buckets and take as much as they need, and I can see them do it. They call me Diamond Marty because the big Broadway spender before me was Diamond Jim, and because I wear my diamonds thirty-carat size—but it's a little because, too, I have a heart of gold."

No Robbery

(*Continued from Page 20*)

"Mr. Rivette is here, certainly. What do you want with him?"

"I gotta message from his wife," said Harrigan, the envelope clutched in his nervous hand.

The butler looked him over, thinking how to turn him away, and was somewhat daunted as Harrigan intended that he should be.

"I imagine that you want Miss Thorndyke "

"What is it, Perkins?"

Thorndyke, the fat man, was speaking.

"This—gentleman——"

The butler fumbled the word and increased Harrigan's stubbornness. He knew that he was not a gentleman, but he proposed to keep the fact strictly to himself. He pushed his derby back to the extreme rear of his head, so that it hung by a hair, and he held the envelope before him like an auctioneer about to read the terms of sale to the assembled multitude.

"The party I want to talk to is this here Rivette, and what I say is—trot him out! I ain't a guy to make a fuss in a nice house like this, but I ain't going to lose my time hanging around and answering questions and waiting for a bird that ain't got no more human feelin' than to be going to a wedding when his poor wife is back home croaking herself with gas! Do you get me? Trot him out!"

"Don't shout," said Thorndyke, the fat man. "Come inside here. Now what the devil do you mean——" His voice was cut short as he closed the door of the den, into which he had ushered Harrigan.

THERE was no wedding that night. But, patience! You shall not be cheated of the touching spectacle of two young hearts beating in a happy understanding.

Miss Thorndyke was suddenly indisposed. The guests expressed their condolences, stepped into their waiting cars and rolled away. Thorndyke, the fat man, spoke in the deserted lobby to Harrigan, the burglar.

"I'll take care of Mrs. Rivette," he said, "or rather I'll see that that contemptible young scoundrel takes care of her. I was certainly deceived in him, and, I am frank to say that I had much to do with causing Miss Thorndyke to favor his suit. I wish you would say these things to Mrs. Rivette for me. Is there anything I can do for you to repay you in some small measure for the great service you have done me and my daughter?"

"Well," said Harrigan. And he put on his derby hat so that he might push it back from his brow to scratch his head reflectively.

His gaze wandered. On long tables in the billiard room still shone and sparkled the many wedding presents, in cut glass, in silver, in gold and varied-colored stones. He knew at once what Mr. Thorndyke could do to repay him full measure and flowing over. Mr. Thorndyke could turn his thin and stately back, and leave Harrigan alone in the suggestive company of those burdened tables and that open door. Of course it would hardly do to suggest this.

"If there was such a thing as a locket laying around loose——"

"There is such a thing," said Thorndyke, the fat man. "And it happens to be the one thing that I would be tickled to death to get out of the house—the bridal present of that wretched fellow to my daughter. Wait a moment."

Outside the ten-cent movie house waited Minnie. It was ten minutes to twelve, and hope deferred was making her heart sick. In ten short minutes her birthday would be done, and Minnie was twenty-nine, and would not have another birthday for years and years. To her came Harrigan, hurrying.

"Give a look," he cried, exultantly. "For you, Minnie."

"What is it?" she breathed, touched into softness and forgivingness by the gleam from the thing in his hand.

She gave a look. It was a locket warty with diamonds.

"Where did you get it?"

"Where did I get it!" He swelled out his chest so far that he barely succeeded in bending over it to kiss her as he hung the glittering keepsake about her sturdy neck.

"I crooked it. That's where I got it! I walked into the finest house on Riverside Drive, passed about eleven guys in short pants and buckled shoes and I crooked it for you. And next Sunday, Minnie, we're going down to Coney, and we're going to get our pictures took looking off the observation platform of the Honeymoon Express, and them's the pictures is going in that locket!"

"*Really?*" she shrieked, opening her arms.

The policeman clocked the clinch. After five minutes he strolled noisily by. Harrigan agreed with him that it was a fine night, a very fine night indeed.

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A Lonely Girl asks—
How Narrow is the Straight Path?

IS daily life becoming distressingly complex?

It would seem so.

Every mail brings to the office of MIDNIGHT innumerable letters presenting such odd phases of personal problems and asking our advice upon such intimate and puzzling questions that we are constrained to believe that there are thousands of persons who need sympathetic counsel in their perplexities.

One letter says: "I come to you for your opinion on this matter because I believe that you know and understand the human heart better than do most persons. You are in touch with real persons—persons who have come into contact with temptation and who have seen life in the raw and yet—who still want to go straight."

Now this letter makes a strong appeal. We do believe that we can help solve many of the moral and ethical questions that confront nearly every one at some time.

This century is complex. The old thoughts, ideas and rules of conduct seem to be falling away. In their place there is not as yet, any set standard by which one may hope to attain happiness and a successful life. Whither shall one turn for guidance?

That the offices of the psycho-analysts and the psychologists are crowded with suffers, eager to find a solution to their difficulties.

Whether rightly or not, the fact stands, that an increasing number of human beings refuse to accept the traditional standards of what constitutes "right living." They call it preaching. They have found that this "preaching" does not take into consideration the happiness of the person so much as a traditional reverence for "the law and the gospel." And they resent it.

People everywhere are arguing that there must be a cause for all the undesirable conditions that confront us as individuals. And therefore there must be "a way out."

Among hundreds of unsolicited queries, that have come to the editors of MIDNIGHT, the following is more or less typical:

"I am a girl, alone as far as near relatives and friends go, in New York. I assume that I have the average intelligence and also the average ability. I did not come here expecting that my beauty or my talent or my charm would prove an open sesame to success and happiness. I did not come because the much talked of "Great White Way" lured me. I came because I wanted to work. I wanted to do something that would occupy my time and make me self-supporting and at the same time give me the freedom of life that my soul craves.

"I was brought up in a comparatively small town in a southern state. None of my family had ever done anything very useful. My longing to get into the whirl and bustle of the city was considered not only heresy, but actual depravity, by my old maid aunts. I was a "hark-back" to an unregenerate Northern ancestor. They opposed my coming, but I managed to borrow the money from an almost stranger—and I came here.

"I did find work. Not at first, because I knew nothing practical. But I took a course in office filing—paying half down and inducing the manager of the school to wait until I got a position to pay the remainder of the fee. I have not quite finished paying that fee yet—and it has been eighteen months. I receive only fifteen dollars a week—which I find is the usual salary for such work. I live in a dingy, smelly, bug-infested, back bedroom in the eighties. My car-fare and my lunches and my necessary clothing take every penny of my money—I cannot afford a Movie. These I find are not less than twenty-five cents. In my home town they were ten.

"The girls in my office either have homes of their own or they have friends who take them out. One of them introduced a young man to me. She said he would do a lot to make me happier. He did for a very little while. He was good looking and he had a fairly good income—certainly enough to make him sought after by other girls.

Sitting alone, night after night, in my bare bedroom, was getting on my nerves

"He came to see me three times. Once he took me to the Rivoli; once out to dinner and once he said he had come for a 'nice long talk.'

"I couldn't ask him to my room. I wouldn't if I could have, at that time. We sat in a 'parlor bedroom' that happened to be vacant. The atmosphere of the place was not conducive to joy or any approach to intimacy or congeniality. But it was easy enough to see what the man came for and what his intentions were. In fact he said so, boldly enough.

"'Say little girl, if you're nice to me I'll see that you have a good time. But of course if you want to be up-stage, there's nothing doing. You can't blame me. The old town is full of nice girls who will be nice to me.' That is part of what he said.

"That isn't all. It is enough perhaps, to say that he went, never to return.

"'You're a big fool,' said the girl who introduced him to me. He can get lots of pretty girls to go with.'

"One day I met a young man on the subway. He gave me a seat. The courtesy was so unusual, so unexpected, that I must have smiled over-sweetly perhaps. At any rate, he left the train when I did and walked with me to my rooming-house—pretending that it was in his direction.

"He asked me to take a motor-ride with him. He owned a roadster. I promised to go. I knew I should not, but he looked decent enough; said he was selling stocks and bonds for a Wall Street broker's business; I was too sick with the sordidness of my life to refuse anything that offered a change and recreation.

"The next night he came for me. We sped out over the Drive and struck into a deserted and rather lonely road somewhere beyond Yonkers. I don't know the country around New York, so I am not sure where we were. Suddenly he stopped the car and began taking liberties with me. I was frightened beyond words to tell, but my woman's wit told me that I must devise some scheme to get out of the situation. I was miles from the City, on a lonely road. I could not get out on any pretext, and try to walk back. That was my first thought. So, I pretended to like him. I fell into his mood and suggested that we drive back to the rooming-house. I told him that I could take him up to my room—that I had done that before and that nothing was said. I acted as though I was as anxious as he was

My dear Rosemary; No, I will not preach. I hate preaching even when I do it myself. But this I know: When one is young and rebellious into the bargain, one is apt to think that all advice that points to the "Keep to the Right" path is preaching. The great reason why you should "keep straight" is answered in the word itself—straight.

Any other path makes for crookedness and deformity—of body and soul and mind.

If you will send me an addressed and stamped envelope I will try to suggest some practical ways in which you may better your condition.

Ila Damon.

We sat in the parlor bedroom. "Say, little girl, if you're nice to me, I'll see that you have a good time"

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to continue the affair. He fell for it. We flew back as fast as he dared speed. When we reached the rooming-house I told him that I'd get out and open the door and look around. If no one was in sight I'd beckon him. I did open the door—but I did not look around. I guess he knew what had happened. Anyway, he wasn't there when I went to work in the morning.

"Then I decided that I'd go to church. I had had enough of church in my home town. I had found them all a self-righteous, selfish lot. Nobody's reputation was safe in their hands. They exchanged salacious gossip about the townspeople most of which they must have imagined. But sitting alone night after night in my six by eight back bedroom after a day's hard work at the office was getting on my nerves.

"So I went to church. I selected the denomination I had been brought up in. The sermon was about 'Moses and the Burning Bush.' I couldn't get interested in Moses and I knew no more about what 'The Burning Bush' signifies than the minister himself knew—and that was nothing, minus.

"I had to restrain myself to keep from getting up in my seat and fairly shouting to him to say something that would help the lonely, harassed, undernourished, joy-starved, working girls in the big cities. But I sat it through.

"After the services had come to an end, I waited around a few minutes. People stood about in little groups talking. They seemed to be sociable enough within their special groups. Finally a woman approached me and asked me if I were a member of the church. I said I was not. She asked me if I lived near and when I said I did, she asked me to come and see her some time—at the same moment handing me a card. Thinking how kind she was to a stranger, I looked at it. It was her business card. She was a hairdresser and manicurist.

"A fat old gentleman with a red face spoke to me. He opened conversation by remarking about the soprano solo. 'Was I interested in music?' I loved it I told him. 'Oh,' he said, taking his card from his pocket, 'I train the voice—speaking or singing.' He too invited me.

"I went home without meeting anyone who was really interested in me—except for their own ends. Not that I blame them, but how awful to be reduced to using the church for advertising purposes.

"Tell me if you can, what reason there is for being straight, for being 'moral' as people call it? I see before me nothing but increasing age, decreasing strength, and possible utter uselessness.

"I have tried to think of other things to do. Once I hired out as a maid in a Westchester county home. We had plenty of good food to eat and that was all. I could not stand the association with the other servants. I did not feel above them, but they were only interested in the food and the scandal in the newspapers—content to merely exist. I saw no future there for me, and there too, the chauffeur tried to bribe me to be 'nice' to him. In fact I see no future anywhere. I want what life should give every girl—life and love and friends and freedom. Some girls reach out and take these—even having them temporarily and at a certain cost may be better than living all one's life in the drab monotony of a cocoon-existence. Often I feel desperate. If you have any philosophy or any advice to offer such a one as I, please give it. But don't preach.

"Rosemary Langford.

"P. S. This is not my real name."

MANY letters of this type come to us. Some of them tell an even more pitiful story than this. Some of them are not so strong or so resourceful. They do not escape the pitfalls.

Sometimes, too, a young man of the calibre this girl mentions writes in—confessing his sins and admitting that he is not happy in his mode of life, but claiming that other young men live that way and "get away with it"—even that this type is a favorite with the girls. So, "what is he to do?"

The big cities, are full of girls and young women and middle-aged women too, for that matter, with problems such as these.

There was a time when no young woman would have thought of questioning whether the path of rectitude was the better way. "Morality" meant keeping within the bounds of conventional ideas of virtue.

That time is no more. Today, girls who have been most carefully, even religiously, reared, seriously ponder whether it is not better to play the game as it is played by the "joy-seekers;" they want to know what the special reward is for virtue and high ideals. Frankly enough they tell us that as far as they can observe, the "really decent girls don't have a good time"—those are the very words that nine young women out of ten, will utter to you.

Cavil at it as we may, not one girl in a hundred, finds her happiness bounded by her work and her duties and the spiritual consolation of the church. She will no longer listen to the admonition to be content with her lot; that God has so ordained it.

"Bah!" she will say—if indeed she doesn't say something less mild.

It is to answer and advise such as these that we have engaged the services of a woman of wide experience, and profound knowledge of the psychology of life.

Send her your problems. Tell the truth fearlessly. Your heart's secrets are safe with her. She will advise you with a sympathetic insight and kindliness that will help you to solve the difficulties that beset your way.

If you want a strictly private and personal reply, send a self-addressed and stamped envelope. If you want your question answered in the columns of MIDNIGHT, but do not want your name published, sign initials or some distinguishing name or word.

Address:

Ila Damon
MIDNIGHT, Personal Problem Dept.
Macfadden Publications,
119 West 40th Street
New York City.

Why I Shall Fall No More

(*Continued from Page 15*)

necessary to help you avoid the trouble and expense of going to law. An action in the court might drag out for years, and at the end some shyster lawyer would get all the money, if you did happen to win."

Before he left me, I had signed a receipt and the five hundred dollars were mine—plus a fifteen cent cigar that Mr. Hennessey slipped me before he went.

When Shaw heard about it he was about as sore as any man I ever saw. He threatened to sue me for half the money, called me a lot of uncomplimentary names and made himself so disagreeable that, had I not been shot to pieces, I would have swung on him.

"Five hundred dollars!" he sneered. "I've run into Hennessey more than once and when he gives up five hundred without a struggle you can make up your mind that five thousand would be like rolling off a log if the case was pressed." He pointed a long, dirty finger at me. "You are a damned fool!" he cried.

I began to be dubious about it myself then. The five hundred didn't look so big!

"Don't worry," I said jestingly, "Maybe I'll have another spill some day and then you can take the case. I'll give it to you right away."

He looked at me rather queerly. He drew closer to me and laid his hand on my arm.

"Why not have another one?" he whispered.

At first I didn't comprehend his meaning.

"You can't have an accident on purpose," I answered.

"Oh, can't you," he retorted, and then he explained to me how I might become a professional faller. It listened good, too, because I was tired of book-keeping and had made up my mind to get in some other line when I was able to work again.

After that Shaw and I worked together for three years and cleaned up more than sixteen thousand dollars each.

MY next "fall" was in getting off a moving trolley car. I staged it to a nicety—of course Shaw was on the car,—he came to my rescue and wouldn't let anyone else touch me. He took the names of several spectators and gave my name to the conductor of the car who was the worst scared Irishman I ever saw. A policeman, seeing a crowd gather, came up, but decided nothing was to be done about it except to make a note in his book—and the next day an adjuster for the railway company called on me as I lay in bed.

He offered me fifty dollars which I rejected contemptuously. I asked for a thousand. He laughed in my face. I pretended to be insulted, swore I'd sue the company for ten thousand and—the telephone bell rang. It was Shaw. He'd called up to ask me if a man from the company had called. I thought quickly and said, "Their man is here now, Mr. Delaney. He wants me to take fifty dollars—certainly I turned him down—two thousand? I asked for a thousand—I know it, but I'd rather settle now than to bother with court proceedings—Yes, yes, I——" Shaw had rung off, purposely.

The adjuster was stroking his chin when I turned toward him.

"Five hundred," he said, "not a cent more."

I haggled a bit, he raised it to seven fifty, and I took him. He gave me a check.

Well, it was too easy.

Shaw and I always split fifty-fifty. Sometimes he would think up a scheme; sometimes I would. But we never let any of our cases get into court. We did business direct and—quickly.

One night Shaw went to a prominent Broadway hotel and under cover removed the tacks from the carpet on the fifth step from the top on a stairway leading down from the third to the second floor.

I registered, shortly after, and asked for a room on the third floor as I was "afraid of elevators." I stayed there all night, and the next morning, when I left, I walked down stairs, timing myself, of course, so there would be witnesses. I fell from the fifth step clear down to the foot of the stairs where I was picked up by three men and a woman.

An attendant came running up—a few passing guests gathered 'round me—the manager, summoned by a bell-hop, rushed forward, and I was sure the center of the picture. Between the manager and an attendant I permitted myself to be led into his office—my right arm hanging limp by my side, and my left leg apparently crippled.

The manager sent down to the bar for a drink, and the house physician was summoned.

Every movement of my body caused me so much pain (?) that I almost screamed when the doctor flexed my arm, went over my leg with his hands and felt over my body for other sprains and bruises.

"Nothing serious," he said finally.

"Serious," I cried! "I'll be laid up for a month, and this is my busy season. Let me get my own doctor."

The manager and the doctor exchanged glances while I called Shaw, who was waiting word from me.

Fifteen minutes later Shaw and our doctor entered the office. The doctor examined me, Shaw standing by.

"Several ligaments are badly strained," our doctor said solemnly, "and I am not quite certain yet but that there may be serious internal injuries. The man may be moved to his home, however, where a more extended examination can be made."

In the meantime Shaw had slipped out. He quickly obtained the names and addresses of the four or five people who had witnessed the accident, and were hanging about the door discussing the incident. He took one of them to the stairway and showed where the tacks had been removed; then he returned to the manager's office announcing himself as my attorney.

The poor manager was caught in a bad place. He was completely surrounded. Subsequently the hotel came through for six hundred dollars. They never went to court, of course, because a hotel doesn't like that kind of publicity. But I understand laws have been passed since then, respecting the laying of carpets on stairways in hotels, rooming-houses and the like.

THOSE were the kind of tricks Shaw and I pulled off continually, and we were never apprehended because we never let a case go to law. We'd settle for anything out of court, though our unhappy victims didn't always know that.

I have got caught in subway and elevated railway doors; I have fallen in front of motor cars and down manholes and once, when I was hard up, I got under a ton of coal. That was an amusing, even if it was a messy, experience.

A big coal dump-wagon stood in front of an apartment house in Washington Heights section. The driver was about to release the spring that lets the coal flow down a shute into the cellar when I saw my chance. Passing back of the truck when the coal started to slide, I gave a cry, flung my arms in the air and disappeared down through the cellar window with the coal after me. The driver was too astonished to shut off the coal immediately, so that when he, and a policeman who was standing near, together with the superintendant of the building and several bystanders found me in the cellar, I was a sight to behold.

The coal company, at Shaw's request, settled for a hundred and fifty dollars, the first money we had seen in a month as I hadn't been working on account of a real injury I sustained a short time before, and for which I received no recompense whatever!

In that instance I did honestly rescue a four year old boy from being run down by a motor-cycle, spraining my ankle in the attempt. We made a half-hearted attempt to shake the motor cyclist down, but he had nothing, so we didn't press him. That was pretty tough.—(*Continued on Page 26*)

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Who owns a Murderer's Body?

Have you any idea what disposition the Law is entitled to make of a body, after the execution? Probably not. The District Attorney tells you, in this story. He also tells you about the case of Cohen—who was innocent—and was reprieved seven minutes before the greedy electric current was to shock him into eternity

"I tried to make her stand up and tell me what it was all about, but she knelt there, sobbing"

"I'M rather a hard-boiled citizen," said the District Attorney, "but something happened to me once that nearly got my goat. My eyes don't do much in the way of manufacturing salt water, but they got busy that day before I knew it."

It was not Joel Banton talking, but his chief assistant Ferdinand Pecora. Banton was out of town, and Pecora was acting district attorney of New York County, biggest borough of America's biggest city. You have seen Pecora, perhaps, dark-eyed, deep-voiced, sunny-faced young Italian lawyer, whose humaneness and eloquence have been rewarded year by year with promotion and a steadily widening influence.

Billy Cox and I had invaded the District Attorney's office to ask him a strange question—"*Who owns a murderer's body?*"

Jack Gray had just written for MIDNIGHT his soul-freezing story of Luther Boddy's execution at Sing Sing, and while writing it had told us further details that did not get into the story—details of the autopsy, which he also witnessed, that unspeakable rite, performed in the name of the law, in which a murderer's—or in some cases merely a supposed murderer's body is torn to pieces by grim-faced, bespectacled, quick-handed doctors, while other physicians, fortified by strong cigars, look critically on.

The question arose in connection with Gray's account—by what authority this ultimate indignity is inflicted on the person of a human being upon whom the state had already wreaked the extreme of vengeance.

The place to find out was the District Attorney's office, and there we sat.

"That's a new question to me," said Pecora, "but we'll find out. Here's the law."

Here it was. He read it aloud, and then I began to copy it word for word from his desk, copy of the New York Code of Criminal Law.

The copying was interrupted again and again, as we talked together about cases and crimes, executions and reprieves, the hatreds, the errors, the hopes and the despairs of the city's vast hordes of human creatures. There in the old Criminal Courts building the eruptions in the orderly life of the city are registered and dealt with. The smooth life of the upper circles thrown into consternation every other week by surprising and sordid crime; all the while the sullen, irritating rubbing of the underworld against these upper layers of society, causing friction which breaks out every day in violence; and the equally constant friction between opposing elements of the underworld itself.

"The point is," I challenged, "that I don't believe in capital punishment at all, no matter what may be the circumstances of the crime."

"Neither do I," said the District Attorney sturdily.

"May I quote you to that effect?" I asked.

"Certainly you may," he said with equal positiveness, "I've said so repeatedly in public, and I don't care who hears me say it. Capital punishment does not diminish murder. That is proved by the statistics of the states and nations where it has been abolished. You can't cure killing by killing. Worst of all there is the horrible chance that the man whom the state kills did not do the killing for which he pays the penalty."

"There was the Cohen case," he went on. "They had put the death suit on him, and were just about to take him out of his cell for the march to the chair when his reprieve came. In seven minutes more he would have been dead. And he was innocent, absolutely innocent. I proved that he was innocent. It was a long fight, a bitter fight. He was reprieved five times. But we got at the truth at last and fastened the crime of perjury on those through whose testimony he was convicted for the murder of Baff."

And then, he went on to tell us about the day when his eyes played him their unwonted trick and sent traces of salt water down his cheeks.

"I was sitting in my office," he said, "and there came a knock at the door. I said 'Come in,' and a timid little woman entered whom I had never seen before. I've never found out how she got past the boy in the outer office without being announced, but there she was.

"'Are you Mr. Pecora?' she asked.

"'Yes, what can I do for you?'

"She didn't answer, but came around behind my desk, trembling, with tears running down her face. Before I could realize what she was doing she was down on her knees on the floor, kissing my shoes.

"I tried to make her stand up and tell me what it was all about, but she knelt there, sobbing. At last I made out the words—'I'm Cohen's wife. You got him free. God bless you!'"

Outside the old Criminal Courts building the gutters of Franklin and Centre Streets were running with rain water from pouring skies. It threatened to rain indoors as well in the District Attorney's office as he retold the old story of that almost widow's gratitude.

"Then there was the Stielow case," I reminded them, "that Appelbaum and Mrs. Hummiston engineered, getting a reprieve from Judge Guy at the last minute."

"Yes, it's all ghastly," they agreed.

So easy to kill; so easy to send a soul slipping out into the dark; so impossible to bring it back. The arm of man so strong to slay—so weak and helpless to bring to life!

"But Boddy was guilty," I suggested.

"Yes, apparently," they agreed.

My pencil scratched on, copying the terrible words out of the code of the Empire state:

"*Immediately after the execution a post-mortem examination of the body of the convict shall be made by the physicians present at the execution, and their report in writing stating the nature of the examination so made by them shall be annexed to the certificate hereinafter mentioned and filed herewith. After such post-mortem examination, the body, unless claimed by some relative or relatives of the person so executed, shall be interred in the graveyard or cemetery attached to the prison, with a sufficient quantity of quicklime to consume such body without delay; and no religious or other services shall be held over the remains after such execution except within the walls of the prison where said execution took place, and only in the presence of officers of said prison, the person conducting said services and relatives of the deceased person.*"

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This evidently means that no such services shall be held in the prison graveyard, for funeral services over the bodies of executed murderers are of course frequently held after the return of the body to its relatives, as in the case of Luther Boddy.

My eye running along the pages came upon this—and the pencil went on with its work:

Section 500:

If there is reason to believe that a female defendant sentenced to the punishment of death is pregnant, the warden of the state prison having custody of the defendant must empanel a jury of six physicians to inquire into her pregnancy.

Section 501:

If it is found by the inquisition that the defendant is quick with child, the warden must suspend the execution of the warrant directing her execution until he receives a warrant from the Governor directing that the conviction can be executed.

Section 502:

The warden must immediately transmit the inquisition to the Governor, who, as soon as he is satisfied that the defendant is no longer quick with child, may issue his warrant, appointing a time and place for her execution, pursuant to her sentence, OR MAY COMMUTE HER PUNISHMENT TO IMPRISONMENT FOR LIFE.

PECORA was busy with another caller as I copied that last line, and I read it aloud to Cox:

"That sounds as though we might get human after all, doesn't it?" I suggested. "I like to think that the grim old lawyer who phrased that law, setting forth on white paper the black laws for the legalized shedding of red blood, paused at the end, thinking again of motherhood, and added those words of hope. And if mothers because of their motherhood may be spared, why not all?"

"Yes," said Cox. "We ought to have learned by this time that punishment does not cure crime."

This, from a hardy reporter, after seven years work under the roof of the Criminal Courts building:

"PUNISHMENT DOES NOT CURE CRIME."

We fell to talking about Luther Boddy again, for it was the burning and tearing of his flesh that had brought me to the building that day.

"In Boddy's case again," I said, "it seems clear that it was the bitterness of his punishment that made him a murderer at last."

And I added:

"A friend was telling me the other day that the colored nurse of his family lives in Boddy's neighborhood and knew him when he was a baby boy. He was a nice little boy, she said; just a jolly, bright, good-tempered little chap."

Then Cox, who has given me many surprises in the course of our acquaintance, gave me the sharpest surprise of all.

"He was a nice boy up to the end," he said stoutly. "I sat alone with him for hours while his jury was out. And while they were debating the matter of his death, he and I chatted and chuckled cozily—about LIFE."

A NICE BOY UP TO THE END. Something good in him, something clean in him, something glad and bright in him, that might have been saved.

Too late now. The state has killed and torn him to pieces.

Sold to the Devil

(*Continued from Page 14*)

"I don't need any coaxing, Mr. Walters," Lane said meaningly.

"Oh, I hadn't forgotten our agreement about Beryl, my boy. But I want to say now that you're my first choice."

As they neared the Walters home that afternoon, Lane asked, "What am I to say to Mrs. Walters?"

"Use your own judgment."

"But I don't know how far you'll be willing to go."

"Look here, Lane! I can't talk to that woman without losing my temper. You can. Make any arrangement you like. Act as you would if you were one of the family, as I hope you will be some day."

Both Mrs. Walters and Beryl were standing on the steps of the porch awaiting them. Beryl was in her father's arms at once, but Mrs. Walters cried out imperiously, "Jim I want to talk to you."

"Talk with Lane," he growled back; "I have something to say to Beryl."

Beryl drew back from him and stared at Lane. "You said Mr. Lane, papa. How do you do, Mr. Street!"

"There isn't much difference between a lane and a street," sneered Mrs. Walters.

"My name is Lane," explained the young man. "Your father will tell you about it; won't you Mr. Walters?"

"You bet I will. Come along Beryl! Lane, you'll find me in the work-room."

"You're a sort of wild beast tamer, aren't you, Mr. Lane?" said Mrs. Walters. "He fairly eats out of your hand. How do you do it?"

Lane eyed her coldly for a moment. "If you'll take me where we can talk without fear of interruption, I'll show you," he answered.

She bit her lip, the consciousness bearing in on her that she was no match in wits for this cool young man. "We'll go to the music room then," she said; and led the way. When they reached there, she dropped into a chair and cried out, "Well, since you have been appointed executioner, let me know my fate."

Her anger had betrayed her into revealing to him that she felt that she must accept terms and not dictate them.

"Mrs. Walters," Lane responded, "it won't do you any good to use injurious words to me. Mr. Walters has left it to me to deal with you. I don't like you, but I don't mean to be unnecessarily hard. You must know that you could be divorced for the part you have played. Do you wish to be?"

She stared at him, frightened by his words, and believing he spoke no more than the truth. "No," she cried, "I won't be divorced. I'll fight. I'll tell all I know about those papers."

"Don't be foolish! There is nothing you can tell. I am not in the least afraid of anything you can do. Now tell me what you want, and I'll do as much as I can."

"I want a separation and a settlement that will make me independent."

"You may have the separation, a legal one if you want it, but you can't have the settlement. You may have a good income, but it will depend for its continuance on your good behavior. If you do anything to injure your husband, your income will stop."

"I insist upon a liberal settlement."

"Then we may as well end this discussion now, for that you cannot have," and he started toward the door.

"Oh," she cried, tears of anger in her eyes, "you are worse than Jim. How much income are you willing to give me?"

"How much will satisfy you?"

"At least fifty thousand a year. And I want the privilege of living where I please."

"You shall have fifty thousand and you may live where you please."

And so it was agreed upon; and later Mrs. Walters went to Paris to live, to the great contentment of everybody concerned.

* * * * *

SIX months later a very quiet, but very brilliant wedding took place at the Walters home in the city, when the junior partner of James Walters & Company was made the husband of beautiful Beryl Walters.

THE END

Why I Shall Fall No More

(*Continued from Page 24*)

We found that our most elaborate schemes often netted us the smallest amount of money, while a simple plan would pull in big dough.

WE once worked a month on a set-up, planning every detail with the greatest care, expecting to reap a harvest—but——

You see we took a girl in with us, and that was a mistake to begin with. I protested, but Shaw said he knew her, so I fell in with the plan which was this:

She was to take a room in a hotel and gain the respect of everyone who came in contact with her, especially the management. She was to pose as the daughter of a Western cattle-king who was coming to the city later to pick her up and take her to Europe with him. I was to impersonate said cattle-king and take the next room after she had been in the hotel two weeks.

Shaw was to get a job in the hotel as porter—which he did promptly enough—and at a given moment he was to enter the room of my daughter and assault her. I, hearing the racket, in the next room, was to throw open the connecting doors and grapple with the assailant while Nita, my daughter, called up the manager. Our idea was to shake the hotel down for hush-money.

Everything went off beautifully as planned.

The hotel manager, accompanied by the house detective, came running in on the scene. There was the girl, pale and panting, with her clothes half torn off; there was the guilty porter in my iron grasp—and I was the indignant, implacable, cattle-king—gun in hand, ready to shoot the hang-dog intruder.

The house officer took the porter in charge while I swore roundly, threatening to kill everyone in sight. The manager was beside himself—and especially so when I went to the 'phone and called "Spring 9000—police headquarters."

"Here, here," the manager caught my arm. "Please—don't do that. We will take care of this matter."

"Take care of nothing!" I shouted with a curse. "I'll see if you slick New York hotel-keepers can get away with murder I'll have you pinched!"

The house-officer, releasing the porter for a moment, all but tore me away from the 'phone and flung me on the bed The porter, seeing his chance, ran out—and no one pursued him because the management was as glad to see him go as I was.

"We don't want this to get into the courts," the manager said suavely. "I have no doubt but that you are indignant—and rightly so. You have every reason for it. Now perhaps we can—er—er——"

"If you are suggesting a money payment——" I waved him aside.

"What can we do, or say?" the manager asked tremblingly.

"I demand a public apology," I replied.

This floored him completely.

"I—but come with me to my office please," he said laying his hand on my arm.

The house officer promised to remain outside the door while I went downstairs with the manager.

"Now," said the manager, seating himself at his desk and pulling out a check book, "I am sure we can adjust this matter I know money doesn't mean anything to you, Mr. Barlow, but it is the only method, outside our humble apologies, that we have of making recompense. Suppose I give you our check for five hundred dollars with which to buy your daughter a little gift before you sail."

I was distinctly disappointed. I had expected at least two thousand. I looked perplexed, wondering how I could broach the larger amount, which I felt sure I could get, when the door opened violently and the house-officer, with the porter in charge, entered.

"A frame-up," he announced. "This man ducked into the next room, and when he thought we had all gone he slipped into the girl's room. I heard voices, opened the door, and found them both sitting on the bed laughing and talking together."

The manager rose and glared at me.

"Let them go," he said wearily.

I broke with Shaw after that.

But I didn't go on my way alone—the girl we had employed to help us turn the hotel trick worked with me, and for six years, we pursued a business in "falling" that I don't think has been equalled before or since.

It was during this part of my career that I got the smallest sum (and the last) I ever received for falling—two dollars.

At the far nothern end of the subway platform at the Fourteenth Street station was a wide aperture between the platform and the step of the car.

This aperture had often tempted me. It was a standing invitation for a damage suit which could easily have been won in court had the matter ever gone that far.

Margie and I waited at that point on the platform during the rush hour, for an express, getting in the front line. We held back and didn't board the train.

After the conductor had given the signal to go ahead to the car in front of him, a signal that had to be relayed through nine more cars requiring twenty-five seconds (you see I had some things like that figured out to a nicety) I gave a cry and slipped through the space between the platform and the step. Margie added a scream to the confusion; the conductor pulled the emergency cord and the train, which was just about to start, in fact it had moved a couple of inches, stopped dead.

A platform man pulled me out, and I pretended to be badly hurt, cried for a doctor and made all kinds of a fuss while Margie took the names and addresses of witnesses.

Protesting against ambulance treatment, I limped out of the subway and we took a cab to my apartment where we waited for the claim agent of the Interborough to show up.—(*Cont. on Page 30*)

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The Heart of a Tinpanner

A Serial by W. Carey Wonderly

CHAPTER IV

Glimpses of Another World

OLIVE ADAMS, a young poet, meets Christopher Leinster, a good-looking young man of the upper classes, and is rapidly falling in love with him. She herself is loved by Dick Thurston, a newspaperman, who warns her against Leinster—he tells her that men of that class don't marry women of her's, but she laughs at his warnings. At the close of the last instalment she was on her way to meet Leinster for dinner.

ONE man at least thought she looked very smart and pretty as she came down the last flight of stairs to the hall. Thurston had been smoking his pipe on the front stoop, but had withdrawn to the privacy of the hallway at the approach of the Leinster car. He had little patience with Leinster, and small sympathy for Ginas, caught in the maelstrom. The luxurious limousine, with liveried chauffeur, spelled Gina Sevening to Dick, and he experienced an unpleasant shock when he glimpsed Olive, flushed and expectant, coming down the stairs.

She nodded to him, brightly, boyishly, and swept aside the parlor portieres, searching for the faun face and military figure of Kit. He wasn't there. Coming into the hall again, Thurston saw the mystification in her eyes, but held his ground, waiting for her to speak first.

"Do you know where Mr. Leinster is? . . ."

"At his club or his rooms—though I'm no fortune-teller."

"But——!" She exhibited his card between thumb and fore-finger.

Thurston nodded shortly. "Oh, his car's out in the street."

Olive rushed to the door, and the chauffeur, waiting below, came up to the steep brownstone stoop at a sign from her. Thurston moved away, but Olive could smell the tobacco after he had gone.

"You're Mr. Leinster's man?"

"Yes, madam. Mr. Leinster has been detained down-town. He will join you at the Astor—I'm to drive you."

THE man's tone and glance were respectful, but something made Olive most uncomfortable and all at once she felt cold. There was a brief moment in which she hesitated, and then, as if she couldn't make up her mind, she went back into the house and closed the street door. Leaning there, against the vivid wall-paper, her fists over her heart, she could hear its beats, could count them—one, two—Gina's words recurred to her, with the emphasis properly placed—"Christopher Leinster's *car*." Also, some of her mouthings returned. She had condemned such a practice, and she had thought Kit was different, but . . . he would join her at a hotel!

Dick Thurston came out of the shadows and spoke to her.

"The dinner gong's sounded. You know the adage of the early bird, Miss Adams. Now, I'm always first and yet I stay lean, so how the second table makes out——"

Olive didn't raise her eyes; her hands pulled nervously at the door.

"I'm dining with friends tonight, thanks," she said, and walked out into the late twilight.

She wasn't a child, nor was she a fool. For instance, she understood Broadway—of which Gina insisted they were not; but the truth was that she didn't understand Gina. There was never a question of Miss Sevening's respectability, and yet Miss Sevening was different from . . . well, the stenographer in the third-floor back, say. And this difference was not only in clothes, in speech, in associates. Miss Leonard was frankly interested in Dick Thurston, for example, while Gina's level gaze looked through him as if he had been a pane of glass. Just what was Gina Sevening's status? . . . These men, men like Moberley, were her friends, and one doesn't stop to split hairs with a pal. By the time she had reached Forty-fourth Street, Olive had reasoned herself into a more complaisant frame of mind, and when she glimpsed Leinster on the sidewalk, waiting for the car, all trace of resentment fled. She greeted him with a warmth which was flattering to the man, since he didn't dream it was born in part from genuine relief.

The dinner, *a deux*, was gay, for the youth in the two of them was ever uppermost, and they could laugh at anything, from bad service to their fellow diners. Olive recited the story of her dressmaking, and Leinster declared stoutly there wasn't a frock in the room that could compare with her manufacture. He pointed out old women disguised as ingenues, fat women in purple, and thin women in black. He had a great fondness for black; he said it was desecrating to put it on anyone but a beautiful woman. And while his eyes held hers, and wooed most eloquently throughout dinner, there was that boyishness in his speech which somehow robbed his words of banal personalities. They had laughed away two hours before either of them gave a thought to the opera. Then Kit magnificiently dismissed M. Carpentier with a sweep of his hand, and suggested a motor ride with a dansant at the finish. instead.

The chauffeur was sent away with the closed car, with instructions to fetch a roadster.

"Get Mr. Moberley's, Mr. Van Allen's, Mr. —anybody's, Nevins."

While waiting for the car, they went into the Alley, and choosing seats watched the human comedies which were being played out around them. Men came and went; girls sat and waited. Meetings were joyful or tinged with reproach, as became the principals' relations. Leinster found it highly amusing. Seemingly neither he nor Olive saw themselves peering into a mirror. With Kit beside her, Olive felt very happy, snug, secure.

"My word, it's good to be back once more!" he said, frankly interested in the human show which ebbed and flowed around them.

"Back with the knowledge of duty done," said Olive softly.

"You bet!" He nodded vigorously. Probably he thought he meant it, but at heart here was a man so beautifully, unconsicously selfish that the world was his oyster, the great war simply a big adventure. He wanted amusement; he found it in devastated France or Peacock Alley. But Olive, with hero-worshiping eyes, saw only the soldier.

When the roadster was announced, they scampered away like children, bent on a new toy. Leinster experienced some difficulty in getting over to Fifth Avenue, but once clear of the lower traffic, he let out the car a notch and they felt the ground spin under them as they shot into the fastness of Pelham Parkway. It was getting too cool for the road resorts. Some of the all-the-year-round places were open and doing business, but Leinster shot by them without pause, though their jazz-bound facades suggested a not unpleasant finish to their trip. Just beyond these places was the summer home of his New York club, a rather conservative, quite smart institution, where men of his world brought their womenkind to dine or sup and dance. It was open throughout September, though Leinster never remembered having met anyone who had visited the clubhouse at such a time. Mosquitoes came up from the Sound and drove one away. Besides, by September one had grown tired of the place, especially with New York holding out fresh allure.

"We'll stop at my club for a dance and a cooling drink," he said, in his off-hand manner, as they slid down from a roadhouse whose electric sign proclaimed it to the world as Chateau Thierry.

Olive wasn't sure that she wanted to stop.

"Perhaps we'd better go right back to New York—it's getting late," she ventured.

"Isn't ten o'clock. We'd still be up with the garlic, had we gone to the opera, you know." He turned the roadster in at the gate and drove more slowly through the grounds to the house. "My club," he said again, as if that explained everything.

IT was really perfectly proper and deadly dull, as Gina would have pointed out. She had been here possibly three or four times in as many years, always with Moberley, and while it pleased her vanity to come, she found it rather bourgeois entertainment. It was rather duller than usual tonight. Possibly there weren't thirty people in the place, and when the orchestra struck up a saucy one-step only two couples occupied the floor.

While he said nothing, this suited Leinster very well, and after he had selected his own table and ordered a snack, he was ready to dance.

"But it's almost like an exhibition, with so few people on the floor," Olive protested.

"Don't you want to?" he asked.

"Yes, I want to. I'd love to, but——"

"Well, then." His short, unheeding laugh seemed to include everybody in the room. "If you want a thing that's excuse enough in itself," he told Olive, as they waltzed away to a seductive arrangement of Puccini airs. "You're you. If you make up your mind, you can see nothing, care for nothing but that, and *that* is you. A selfish viewpoint—what?—but by George! you get some fun out of living. Isn't

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The dinner, "a deux," was gay, for the youth in the two of them was ever uppermost, and they could laugh at anything, from bad service to their fellow diners. Olive recited the story of her dressmaking, and Leinster declared stoutly there wasn't a frock in the room that could compare with her manufacture

it worth while?"

"Life?" she asked, raising her eyes to his.

"Yes. Don't you enjoy the game?"

"Sometimes I feel that the odds are against me," Olive admitted.

"Honor bright? That's tough! I should think your days and nights would be one endless procession of parties."

"But living is something more than just parties, isn't it?" she asked wistfully.

"Parties, the right kind, you know, are quite enough for me, thank you," he said, his face alive and dancing. His eyes looked golden in this light; there seemed to be a fine golden down on his face and hands. He held her at just a little distance from him and she could feel the steel of his muscles, the lightness, the grace and the strength of him. His expression puzzled her until she recalled that it had been there on his face when he ate a particularly fine peach, when he found his favorite cigarettes, and when he sent the car bounding forward on the Parkway. Each thing, at the time, was the thing he liked best.

They danced once more and then Olive reminded him of the time and said they must go. Leinster was quite ready. The check was signed, their wraps secured, and they started to the door. A large open car full of merry people had just come under the porte-cochere and they were obliged to wait for their roadster. Kit stood with his back to the new arrivals, talking in an undertone to Olive. She was facing the party.

A large woman with gray hair, and a pretty girl, a brunette, were handed first from the automobile, and the girl, after a glance around, whispered to the matron.

She looked through Olive to Leinster.

"Hello, Kit!" she said cordially.

He turned, broke off in the middle of a speech.

"Hello, Mother!" he said. "How'dy, Grace." He nodded pleasantly and then returned to Olive, continuing where he had stopped.

They were quite a time getting the party out of the car and into the house. Leinster continued his conversation with Olive. His mother and the pretty girl stood less than ten feet away with no further sign of recognition. When they were ready, they went into the clubhouse with much merriment, and Leinster started forward to command his roadster. It was a very pale, slightly trembling girl he helped into the car, but if he noticed it, Kit Leinster had nothing to say. In silence they made their way down the drive, through the gate and into the boulevard, but once he found the Parkway stretching before him like a silver ribbon in the pale moonlight, he gave a small boy's shout of joy and sent her forward at great speed. What did anything matter but the open road in front?

It was after midnight when he set her down in Thirty-fourth Street. He had talked incessantly after they reached the city boundaries and speeding became more difficult, and from a drug-store up at One Hundred and Twenty-fifth Street he had telephoned to his chauffeur, ordering him to meet the car at Olive's boarding-house.

"I like a thing just so long and no longer," he told Olive, as he came back to her. "Nevins will meet us at Thirty-fourth Street. I couldn't drive another block after that to save this neck of mine."

Olive had been more or less reticent all the way in from the club, but Leinster, in high spirits and a talkative mood, had failed completely to notice anything wrong between them. Never once had he mentioned his mother, or explained the relationship of Grace. Olive wondered. Not that she was jealous—not that. Grace might have been his sister, and if she weren't, what was that to her? They were merely friends. . . . Friends! Olive turned the word over on the end of her tongue. Friends! But when the car reached Thirty-fourth Street, she was still playing with the thought.

"Some opera, eh?" grinned Leinster, as he jumped her out of the machine. "And that fat person sure can yell—what? I'm going to call you up real soon—may I?"

"Why, of course," said Olive, her hand in his.

He smiled at her, standing bare-headed in the moonlight. Now she saw the faun in face and features. She withdrew her hand; he waved gaily.

"Good night!"

"Thanks for a pleasant evening."

"Lots more—and better."

From behind the glass she watched his quick gestures as he walked to the car, jumped into the seat she had vacated, and commanded Nevins to drive on.

CHAPTER V

Between Broadway and Fifth Avenue

OLIVE lunched with Leinster the next day. He took her to the Claridge, where Broadway celebrities swept by unnoticed by them, for this was new ground for the man as well as for the girl. Moberley had suggested the Claridge as a place where Leinster could be sure of getting excellent food and service without rubbing elbows with any of his set. "It's smart—Broadway smart—just as diamonds at breakfast, Central Park West addresses and monogramed motor-car doors are smart." He grinned. "You'll be insulting neither the lady nor your stomach in going there, and you won't meet Miss Bellwood."

"Oh, Grace," said Leinster, and laughed. "Grace is a thoroughbred, and little Miss Adams might have been my chauffeur."

"No doubt little Miss Adams loomed up in the lady's eyes even less than your chauffeur," remarked Moberley dryly, and the subject stopped there.

Leinster took Olive to lunch.

She had decided the night before that she was done. Sitting there on her bed, taking stock of the evening, there was much that she hadn't liked about their outing together, and while she couldn't put her feeling into exactly the right words, always there kept recurring the incident of his mother and the unknown girl, Grace. Passionately Olive protested to herself that she wasn't jealous. She hadn't the slightest inkling who the pretty brunette was. But Grace and Mrs. Leinster had made all the difference in her evening. Hours later she could sense the air of aloofness of the older woman, and feel the girl's calm gaze go through her. And that Kit himself had offered no explanation but added force to the whole unhappy incident. No; she was done; she would never place herself in such an unbecoming situation again. And then Leinster telephoned; asked her to meet him at the Claridge at one o'clock, and she broke a really important engagement at Aeolian Hall in order to be with him.

He was wholly charming throughout luncheon, the gay, inconsequent boy she liked, and he made a hundred plans for the coming winter for them—and then at three o'clock left her at Forty-second Street to keep a date elsewhere. With whom? He didn't say.

(*Continued on Page 30*)

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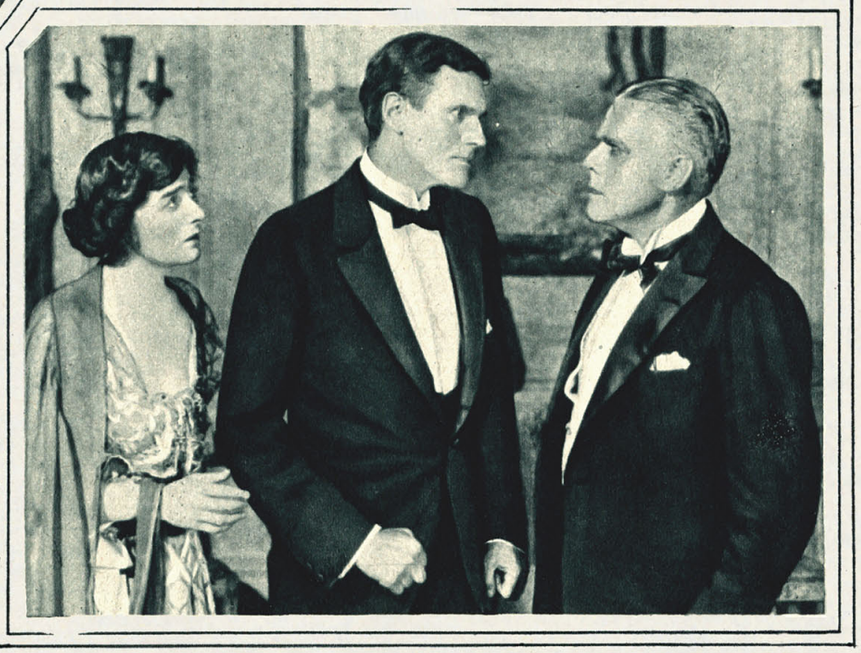
Would You Marry to Please Another Man's Wife?

by Svengali

This is a review of the Broadway success, "Fools Errant," written in MIDNIGHT'S own inimitable style. At the left the hero and the heroine have just discovered that they love each other—below he is shown taking her away from the man whose mistress she was



BEING a gentleman is always a risky business. A gentleman never knows what he is going to be asked to do next.

And of course, if he refuses he isn't a gentleman.

Take Sir Walter Raleigh, for example. He sacrificed that handsome new purple cloak of velvet so that Queen Elizabeth could cross the mud puddle without soiling her new pumps.

If Sir Walter Raleigh had not been a gentleman, he could have suggested to the queen that she walk around the mud puddle. He was nothing if not a gentleman. So he threw down his nice new cloak in the wet for her to walk on.

We all know his reward. The queen had his head cut off. And they do say that Sir Walter halted the execution while he placed a handkerchief on the ground so that he would not soil the knees of his hose as he bowed for the axman's stroke—a gentleman to the last.

Nowadays, a gentleman is in danger of being asked to do almost anything—from adjusting the hands of a lady's garter watch to taking a sample swig of her suspected bootleg booze. The booze might kill him, but if he is a gentleman he must not refuse.

Thus, being a gentleman has its responsibilities.

This fact was brought home to us as we watched Cyril Keightley play the leading part in the play "Fool's Errant," which has been installed on the stage of Maxine Elliott's Theater, in New York.

Any shop girl will tell you that Mr. Keightley in the role of Eric Brierley is a perfect gentleman of the most knightly character. But the demands made upon his gentlemanly and unprotesting nature are sufficient to make one wonder if being a gentleman is worth while after all until—

But, that is the story.

As the curtain ascends we discover almost immediately, a very interesting complication. We are being permitted an inside glimpse of the drawing room of the Pritchard family. The simple truth of the situation is that Fanny Pritchard is not getting along with her husband. Some of their best friends are gossiping about it and of course we cannot help overhearing.

IN the past, Fanny was courted by John Pritchard and Eric Brierley. She chose John. Why, it is hard for the audience to decide, after seeing John. But after also getting a look at Eric, it is harder to decide why she ever took either one of them. The romance must have started in a small community.

But she did choose John and as a result Eric Brierley went away. He got shot in the knee in the war and then took up some pioneer work in a wilderness of the great northwest. The fashionable haunts where he was once so gay a figure know him no more.

Meanwhile, John has wearied of Fanny. Then, having a kind heart, John adopted a little girl who was a failure as a singer, undertaking to lift all worries off her shoulders for the ancient consideration of her hospitality. John finds her entertainments much more beguiling than any ever offered by Fanny.

This is the situation at the start of the drama and at the time when John brings Eric home to dinner. Of course, Eric is still madly in love with Fanny, and being an amicable person who is always talking most tiresomely about the humanities, Eric soon learns the truth of the situation.

Hope kindles in his heart. Perhaps he has arrived at a psychological juncture. If he can have John and Fanny divorced, John can marry his protege and Eric can marry Fanny.

But there is one insuperable obstacle to such a hope. Fanny is still in love with John and wants him back. She knows all about that other woman. She also knows perfectly well that Eric is in love with her—but just the same she doesn't want Eric and she does want her husband back.

Here is where the implications of being a gentleman become serious.

Eric is a gentleman. He is in love with Fanny. Fanny is in distress. She wants her husband back. As a lover and as a gentleman, what can he do?

He does the only thing that a perfect gentleman could do. He proposes marriage to John's mistress so that John can go back to his wife.

It never seems to occur to Eric that such a solution might be unsatisfactory,—that the philandering John, having already demonstrated his prowess at being kind-hearted to one helpless female, might not be kind-hearted to others. For Eric, the issue is direct and clear. Get rid of the other woman and John will go back to Fanny.

AND when he proposes this to Greta—who, by the way, is a pretty decent sort of girl notwithstanding—she accepts his proposition eagerly.

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Together they fly to the refuge of the wilderness. There they live as man and wife in name only. Between them is set a great barrier. The fact is that the convenience of others brought them into wedlock and that love had nothing whatever to do with it.

And here again one realizes the responsibility of being a gentleman. Eric dare not presume. Whatever might be in his heart or in his mind, he must remain aloof, though friendly.

Thus life drifts along. Greta is extremely happy in her new environment. So far as she is concerned it looks as if she would like Eric to go on being a gentleman. She has thrown herself enthusiastically into her work and has flowered into a sweeter and more beautiful womanhood than Eric had ever dreamed or expected.

And then out of a blue sky comes the news that John Pritchard is dead and that Fanny is on her way to their wild retreat, that in fact she is down at the hotel. There is no question about her motive.

But in the confusion that follows it is the widow who discloses to Eric the fact that he really loves Greta and thus it is she who brings them together and makes them really man and wife. As a matter of fact they find out they adore each other.

Fanny is rather tearful at finding that Greta not only stole her husband, but also stole the man she had picked for his successor.

But then Eric had been such a gentleman about it that she could do nothing more really than act the lady under the circumstances.

So being a lady, too, has its responsibilities.

Why I Shall Fall No More

(*Continued from Page 26*)

Within an hour he was there.

Margie opened the door and admitted—Shaw.

"Well, well, well," he beamed on us. "So we have had a distressing accident have we? And of course we don't want to go into court, do we? What shall we—and by the way, Jim," he said to me carelessly "you might get out of bed you know. I'm onto your little game. Can't fool old Shaw."

We were both somewhat embarrassed—that is Margie and I—but Shaw was in his element.

"What shall we say the amount shall be?" he drew out a memorandum book.

"What—are you an adjuster?" I gulped.

"Sure. For the Inter," he said airily. "Who, better than old boy Shaw, knows the ins and outs of the game? Now, James, what would you say you were entitled to? Arm broke? Skull shattered? Spine dislocated?"

"No," I snapped out. "Chapped hands."

"Chapped hands!" he consulted his book. "Two dollars."

With a flourish he handed me two one dollar bills, laid a paper before me—the old familiar type of paper I had seen so many times—and I signed weakly.

After that he got kind of chummy, seemed to want to bury the hatchet.

"There's no more money in 'falling'," he said, confirming what I was beginning to believe. "What with the insurance companies, the methods these big corporations have for investigation and the disappearance of the old kind of shyster lawyer, there's pretty lean pickings in the falling game. Nothin' to it," he averred. "I can settle almost any claim now on the spot for one-fifth of what we used to get. It's a bum business, Jim."

After Shaw left, Margie and I talked it over.

You see, though we had worked together, Margie was as straight as a string; far too good for the business we were in, but a girl without much education for any kind of a legitimate career.

I laid aside enough money to help us get on our feet in a decent way; I was a man of thirty-seven, Margie was twenty-nine. We had, all thing being equal a long, active life ahead of us—and we had more than a passing affection for each other.

The shadows of twilight deepened on the wall when we finished our little talk. We were both depressed and happy—depressed at the thought of hitting a new trail, but happy because—well, as I said to Margie as she left, "Margie, I have fallen for the last time—and this time it's for good. I've fallen for you."

That was seven years ago, and today we have a good, honest bakery business on Bedford Avenue in Brooklyn; we have two fine children, girls, and an income that isn't to be laughed at.

Which only goes to prove that the lower you go the higher you fall—and, as I have said, my total number of "falls" would add up to more than the height of the Woolworth Building.

Add my fall for Margie and it's twice that with Niagara Falls thrown in for good measure.

The Heart of a Tinpanner

(*Continued from Page 28*)

"I'll leave you here," he said suddenly, in the middle of the block, and raising his stick, he stopped a passing taxicab. He didn't ask if he could take her here or there; he knew she was going to Aeolian Hall in the next block, but didn't offer to walk there with her. "I'll phone you," he said. "If you're not in, I'll leave the message with the maid—Minnie—that's the ticket! Au revoir!"

Really, he left her speechless with surprise. For a moment she could only stare after the disappearing cab, eyes and lips wide, like a wondering child. And then suddenly something moved her forward; she began to walk, and she walked on and on until Forty-second Street was far behind and the McAlpin reared its unlovely hulk from the opposite corner. Turning east, she started home; it was too late for Aeolian Hall anyway, and she was not in the humor to talk music.

THERE was a note on the floor of her room which had been slipped under the door by someone. Olive stooped to recover it, and recognized Thurston's heavy black hieroglyphics. Opening the note she found that he had given her the ideas for two more sets of verse, and straightway she sat down to study them out, but somehow the words wouldn't come. Try as she would she couldn't interest herself in the possibility of earning a few dollars . . . when she had been the guest of a man only a few hours ago who had squandered crisp gold-notes as if they had been pennies. It wasn't fair! All at once Olive felt that too. Under her she could hear Dick Thurston now, busy at his rusty, creaking typewriter. He worked early and late—for what? She was a little tired of this beehive in which a dozen or more souls fought and slaved for a miserable pittance. It was an unlovely business, this striving to succeed, to get to the top of the ladder. Presently she found her mind dwelling on this Grace, actually envying her.

When Gina Sevening came in before six, a little early, since she had a dinner date, Olive, uninvited, followed her up to her room. Gina was almost in too great a hurry to talk, but Olive helped her with her clothes, fastening slippers and dressing the great mass of red hair. Olive wanted to talk about last night—about Leinster—about the incident at the club, if the truth was known; but Gina showed a charming disrebard for her neighbor's business and finally despairing of intriguing her further, Olive opened the conversation.

"You haven't asked me about last night?"

"Why should I ask you about last night, my dear?" demanded Gina in return. And then she stopped what she was doing, faced her, and said more gently, "My dear, this is New York, not Painted Post. If we stop to question our neighbor, we'll be lost in the jam that's ever crowding to the front. Personally, I would no more think of questioning another's actions than I would of borrowing another's hairbrush."

Olive was interested at this viewpoint but not silenced with such philosophy. "We didn't go to the opera. . . ."

"Since you mention it, I never thought for a moment that you were going."

"But——" Olive looked bewildered and set down the brush.

"In the first place the Metropolitan isn't open.—I think it doesn't open until November," said Gina calmly. "It was none of my affair. You said you were going to hear . . . whatever it was——"

Olive moistened her lips. "On my word, I didn't know. I scarcely know what to say—what to think of Mr. Leinster. He has always treated me most courteously——"

"Yes, he would." Gina roused herself again and gave her undivided attention to the pale and determined girl beside her. "I don't know what you're thinking, of course, but I can tell you this—Kit Leinster is no common seducer of women. What the bluff about the opera was for I don't know; but in the vernacular he has your number to the last fraction."

"My number? What do you mean?"

Gina returned to her dressing before going into the subject further. "In the jargon of New York a girl like yourself, who pals around with a man of Leinster's stripe, is a tinpanner," she said at last. "As I reminded you before, we aren't Broadway—we demand a little more and receive a little less than the beauties of the chorus. I don't think any of the men—Moberley, Van Allen, Leinster—would offer either you or me a string of pearls or a motor-car; but they would deign to remember us at Christmas to the tune of a ton of bonbons or a hot house of violets, and these they wouldn't dare to send to Flossie Footlights. But if we aren't Broadway, neither are we Fifth Avenue." Gina paused and sighed. "We're a sort of half-way station, I fancy, between matrimony and wild oats. The very young leave us for Broadway, and the satiated for Fifth Avenue. But whichever the way, it's a losing game for us."

The color had crept back in Olive's cheeks during this speech, and in her pretty indignation she looked a young goddess as she chose to challenge Miss Sevening's remarks.

"It isn't true!"

Gina shrugged her shoulders and pointed to her own reflection in the mirror.

"Behold an awful example——"

"You mean to say that . . . Mr. Moberley is that kind——?"

The corners of Gina's mouth drooped; the gesture was significant if brief.

"I have known Forrest Moberley for nine years," she said quietly, as she reached for her hat. "What has that acquaintance availed me? You can't answer, and I won't. But I can—yes, I can! Countless dinners, lunches, suppers, shows. It has developed in me an expensive appetite which he and his kind alone can satisfy. It has made me unhappy with men of my own sphere, men I might find a husband from, for—one thing!—they will never marry us, these Moberleys and Leinsters and Van Allens."

"He seemed so—thoughtful of you, the other night!"

It became Gina's turn to blush.

"Second nature," she muttered. "In the end, when nothing else promises well, he will go off and marry some girl in his own world. Why not? These wealthy men of high social standing only marry stenographers between book covers. The stage stands a better chance. There is a certain éclat, a bit of deviltry in marrying a chorus girl if she's sufficiently notorious. But a stenograhper is neither romantic nor wicked, just deadly dull. And Kit Leinster knows this every bit as well as I do. Don't take him seriously—don't! If you want good dinners, choice theatre seats, a motor-car to call and fetch you; magazines, the new books, candy, flowers, a toy dog, maybe——"

"Stop! I don't—I don't!" cried Olive, vehemently.

Gina shrugged indifferently. "I've told you only the truth, unpleasant though it be. If you doubt anything I've said, ask your friend on the paper, downstairs."

Olive turned her head away. "I don't want to ask anybody anything about it," she murmured. "I feel as if I wanted to run away and hide when I remember what you've said. To me it is cheap, degrading that a girl should give even a part of herself in return for creature comforts. I didn't know; I didn't know."

GINA didn't reply at once. Dressed, she sat momentarily expecting the announcement of the car. It may have been that she had heard similar speeches many times before tonight; it was certain that she was insensible to any heroics however well-intentioned; she felt a little superior, even, to this girl and her attitude toward life. Moberley had done that too—made her callous, blunting her finer emotions. When Minnie, the maid shrilled the expected information up the stairs, Gina rose to go down with the calmness of a veteran.

"You see I'm still on, but then I don't like Thirty-fourth Street chefs, my dear," she said over her shoulder to Olive. "We must each play the game as we think best, eh? You—for you the poems are safer, I guess, but I—I'll die in harness. Good night, my dear."

(*Continued next week*)

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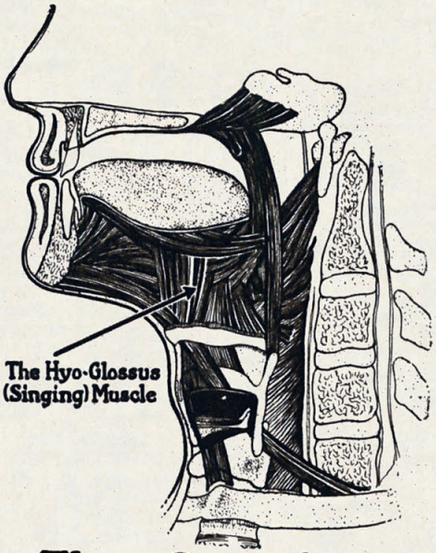
The Secret of Caruso's Greatness



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